SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1877, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. LVI. PUBLICATION OFFICE: No. 37 South Seventh Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1877. $2.00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 52

NATURE'S TRAGEDY.

BY LINCOLN LEAR EYRE.

A little rose, fresh from its dewy bed,
Looked up with gladness to the sky,
"I thank thee, truly, generous sun," it said,
"So heaven is happier than I?"

A little robin, rising from the nest,
Poured forth his grateful morning song:
"Most welcome sunlight, twice sad three times blest,
I love thee as the day is long!"

* * * * * * *

Through the black wood the mournful wind is heard,
And stormy clouds shut out the day;
The rose is broken from its stem, the bird
Has ceased his joyous roundelay.

ELAMA, THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."—*Shelley.*

[This story was commenced in No. 48, Vol. 56 Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The auspicious day, the nineteenth day of July, had arrived. There was much flutter and confusion at "Lake Hall," and the preparations were not completed till late in the day, when everything was in readiness for the grand garden party. The carpenters had erected a large platform on the lawn, a place for the orchestra being arranged in a charming rope on one side of the platform, where, under a pavilion lighted by gas and colored lanterns, the musicians were to play. Calcium lights were placed at intervals through the garden, but at such heights as not to dazzle the eyes and yet in such positions as to illuminate strongly the various paths, while a superbly designed eight-pointed star, made of the same species of light, was placed on the very apex of the cupola of the house. A very large marquee made of scarlet bunting, was spread in the open space between the lake on one side and the lawn on the other, in which was the long table for the banquet. This marquee was also lighted with gas, and various devices for illumination and strange effect of color to be thrown upon the table and guests at appointed times.

All the appointments were beautiful and novel in design, and the garden when illuminated, resembled some remembrance of an Oriental dream—some freak of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid.

The conservatory was intended to be a conversation room, and it was also superbly decorated. The pariors were marvels of household art; the chandeliers reproduced the luxury of Persia. All this was really the conception of a poetic soul, and yet all this had about it a tinge of the bizarre which rendered it more charming, more wild, more suitable for the softened effects of artificial light, and more in keeping with the scenes which were to follow.

In the tangled mazes of shrubbery which lined many of the walks, were hung Chinese lanterns, and in some cases tiny gas jets were blazing from the centre of artificial flowers set amid the natural foliage. The large dining-room was converted into a smoking room for gentlemen, and was arrayed with new luxurious lounges, little tables for games of in-door sports, cards, chess, &c., and all the paraphernalia of a smoker's paradise.

Mrs. Tendrie designed all this as a surprise to her guests. She had learned the art in Paris, and had in fact instituted a fete given by a wealthy resident of the Faubourg St. Germain, at which she was an observant guest.

Mrs. Burdette was charmed with all the arrangements of the evening, and she was more than charmed, she was delighted when Mrs. Tendrie displayed before her astonished eyes the dresses she was to wear during the festival. Mrs. Tendrie contemplated no less than five changes of attire, and had gone to lavish extravagance in procuring her robes for that purpose.

"You perceive, my dear Mrs. B.," she exclaimed gaily, "that I do not mean to be brightest of spirits for a week past, "that I have spared no expense to do full justice to my own appearance also to-night. Have is the dress I shall wear from eight o'clock till ten." She displayed a splendid toilette of amber Sicilline.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Burdette. "You eclipse me entirely."

"How like you the Brazen lace; real Bruges!"

"Wonderful," said Mrs. Burdette. "I have a good mind not to appear to-night at all. My dresses are so plain!"

"I wear this from eight to ten. At ten o'clock I change my dress for this one." She showed the bewildered Mrs. Burdette a rose-colored silk, cut very low in the corsage and trimmed with wreaths of white roses tangled in rich lace.

"I wear this from ten o'clock till midnight I wear for an hour this—see here."

This third toilette was equally wonderful. It was a Scotland robe of the Watteau style, an Oriental richness of color and sheen characterizing it.

"I shall your my diamonds with this, and with this only."

Mrs. Burdette regarded her with a look of awe, as she examined the magnificent dress.

"It is made by Worth, of Paris. It is a favorite of mine."

Mrs. Burdette could say nothing.

"After midnight and to the close of the festival, I shall don this costume, for the night air will chill me."

This was a reception bellicite of white satin and black velvet—low-necked and short sleeved and beautiful in its simplicity.

"I shall wear pearls with this."

At that moment the hair-dresser came and the ladies separated to prepare for the party.

Gertrude had been ever since the Doctor saw her on that day, when she had summoned Mrs. Burdette to go and bring him—in a state of great dejection of spirits.

She felt that Mrs. Tendrie was her champion and that she would attempt some vengeance upon her. She felt too that Mrs. Tendrie was equally bitter against Eustace, and she now for the first time felt more than pity towards that young man. She was in fact deeply in love with him. Now Doctor St. Jean was as madly in love with Gertrude as was Eustace, yet the new that his pupil and his patient were meant for each other and he tried to baffle all thoughts of such rivalry. But Gertrude although she esteemed the Doctor never gave a moment's thought respecting such a thing as love for him. She did not wish to stay at Lake Hall for the party. She told Mrs. Burdette so. She said she had not come prepared for any such thing and she asked Mrs. Burdette to favor her with permission to go away until after the party. Her hostess would not listen to such a proposition. She had in fact procured Gertrude a superb dress of fawn colored silk and lace, for this occasion, but Miss Southgate said she did not feel in the humor to participate in any such festivity. Mrs. Burdette by dint of hard coaxing managed to persuade her to stay and make herself comfortable. The good hearted lady was very much delighted to know that Gertrude had finally made up her mind to be one of her guests, for she felt sure she would prove the belle of the occasion and the admiration of all the assembly.

In the meanwhile, during the interval which had elapsed from the time of the Doctor's visit, St. Jean had discovered a great deal. Miss Templeton had escaped and had not been at Lake Hall since the night of her departure, but she had gone to the Doctor's that very night, late though it was, and demanded his aid; she unfolded a terrible story. The Doctor gave her in charge of his visitor. The next day Sipes appeared with a story of his having visited the office of Wykoff and had an interview with him which had the effect of nearly demolishing Sipes, for the errand boy recognizing the reporter as the person who had taken the letter, went into his master's private office and informed him of the facts, so that when Sipes made an excuse of business, the lawyer cornered him, and it required all the cunning of the newspaper man to get free from the web the wily attorney was endeavoring to weave about him. He left the office and so did as a carriage stopped and a man descended. He was a small man, with black beard, black eyes. The reporter remembered the description. By a stroke of boldness, which was not at all unusual with the reporter, he went up to the gentleman and said,

"This is Mr. Waller, is it not?"

"Yes," answered the man, "what do you wish with me?"

"Nothing," answered Sipes, and he walked off. Thus he had identified the Mr. Waller of the letter.

But Sipes did not in reality leave the neighborhood. He walked around the corner, and then came back and kept the carriage in view. It was standing still; the man had entered the office. Sipes came down the street, and interviewed the driver.

"You are Mr. Waller's coachman, aren't you?" asked Sipes.

"There you're out," said the driver, with a grin. "He don't own no coach."

"But this is his carriage."

"I didn't know it," answered the driver.

"Why, I thought he had a carriage," said Sipes. "Has he given it up?"

"I don.'t know," replied the driver. "All I know is that he hired this team at Black's livery stable. That's where I'm from."

"Hired it to come here?"

"Yes, and then I'm to drive him to Newton."

"Indeed; I suppose he's living there now."

"No he ain't. He's got a woman there."

"Oh, I know all about that," said Sipes. "I know her. She's a fine-looking girl."

"You've seen her?"

"Of course, often. Waller's a friend of mine. But are you going there now?"

"Right away."

"He lives near Black's livery stable, now, doesn't he?"

"Right across the way."

"On Market street?"

"No, no, what are you talking about? On Ellen street."

"Oh, I thought you meant Black's on Market street. Yes, yes, to be sure, on Ellen street."

"You know where it is?"

"Of course I do."

"Oh, he often gets a team of us."

"He's a grand man for fast teams."

"You bet," said the driver.

"And not over stingy with women, too."

"They're very rich."

"Whose that stontish man goes with him sometimes?"

Sipes thought he'd press a point here respecting the "stout man with red face and grey moustache."

"I never seed no stout man with him," replied the driver.

"That lady comes to see him in her carriage doesn't she?"

"Often and often, and he takes her out in the milky often and often, down to the trotting races at the park. Oh, he's a rare boy."

"That he is," said Sipes. "He's got plenty of money to do it with, too." All this was said as a venture.

"Has he?" asked the driver. "Hang me if I know. He didn't seem to be even doing nothing for a living, and yet he always seems to be flush. He never goes back on his bills I tell you. He's liberal."

"Isn't he!" ejaculated Sipes. "What time do you expect to be back from Newton?"

"Oh, in about a couple of hours."

"Well I may be up at the stable this afternoon," said Sipes.

"For a horse?"

"Yes, maybe. I'll be up there, I think."

"Here he comes," said the driver.

Sipes when he heard this disappeared like a ghost at dawn—chuckling to himself over what he had learned. So he went up to Ellen street, found out the house where Waller lived, and came to report to St. Jean who was very well pleased with his discovery.

The Doctor summed up and analyzed the conditions of the circumstances, as follows:

First. The cousin of Eustace in the college and his tenant, his subsequent mysterious letting and his dress. This is sufficiently explained by the somnambulic character of Eustace. His subsequent sleep-walking and letter writing, etc.

Second. The appearance of that beautiful body in the college. Sipes has a key to that mystery which he will explain to me.

Third. The attack on Windjatin and his death. Sipes also can explain that, and Miss Templeton also.

Fourth. The theory of the trance of Eustace, in which he went to the Satellite of Saturn denominated Egea, and saw there the presence of a personage who was the counterpart of Gertrude Southgate, is explained by the conversation which ensued between Gertrude and Eustace, in which he recognized Gertrude as his twin soul, and as Elama.

A grand denouement awaited them, and it came in the garden party. How? we shall see.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BETWEEN EIGHT AND TEN.

The first arrivals at the party were the Corsenz and his wife. The Mayor sent his regrets. Then followed Senator Romege and his lovely daughter. Then came the orchestra, which by a freak of Mrs. Tentrie were arrayed in a costume of scarlet. At eight o'clock exactly, by the stroke of the gold clock on the parlor mantel, the orchestra began the waltz from "La fille de Madame Angot," and from that moment to the end of the festival all was a widening chaos of color, light, brilliancy, bizarrie and madness. It was an orgie.

Doctor St. Jean and Eustace came in the space of a half hour, accompanied by Bertha, the Doctor's sister. These came Hawkesworth Sipes looking very well in full dress. St. Jean took charge of his sister, and he bade Eustace seek Gertrude and act as her escort during the evening.

From that time until nearly nine o'clock there was an incessant stream of carriages coming into the brilliantly illuminated grounds of "Lake Hall" and the profusion of feminine costumes, and the variety of personages was really bewildering.

There was the whirl of the waltz on the dancing platform, the crowd of saunterers and promenaders, meandering through the illuminated paths, and in the conservatory a select circle of conversationalists.

When Mrs. Tendrie appeared in her amber fictlieus and Bruges lace, leaning on the arm of a handsome cavalier, "a small man with black beard and black eyes," as Sipes exclaimed, to the Doctor who was walking with his sister Bertha:

"Waller, by jiminy, Doc. That's Waller."

"Virtue them both!" exclaimed the Doctor. "But she looks stunning!" said Sipes.

Mrs. Tendrie did look wonderfully beautiful, and her eyes seemed scintillating with a strange light, like the glare in the eyes of a tigress. She was magnificently dressed, and seemed to make a great sensation wherever she appeared.

But Gertrude and Eustace came upon the scene, and a murmur of admiration went up from all the assembly.

Then Miss Charlotte Lasso, accompanied by a cavalier, passed them, and then suddenly Sipes touched St. Jean's arm, and said in a low voice—

"Look there, Doc."

"Who is it?" demanded the Doctor.

"Don't you recognize him?"

"No."

"The stout man, with red face and gray moustache."

"To be sure he answers that description exactly," replied St. Jean, "but it may not be."

"It is he?" insisted Sipes. "It's nobody else, because, look, there he goes, and is now talking to Waller. That's he, I'm sure."

Gertrude came upon the scene where the Doctor, Bertha and Sipes were talking, and the Doctor was amazed at her perfect beauty, and the appropriateness of her dress.

Waller was looking at her also. He stood near the illuminated music platform, and he no sooner cast eyes upon her than he grew intensely pale. He seemed rooted to the spot for a moment, and then he beckoned to the stout man, and said something to him, and they both stared over in the direction where Gertrude was standing.

The orchestra now played its sweetest music of the dance, and the dancers began the German, while Doctor St. Jean and Bertha passed down the garden walk, and Eustace and Gertrude soon followed in the concert.

Mrs. Burdette met them on their way thither.

"Waltz, not dancing?" she interrogated.

"No, I never waltz," answered Gertrude.

"Nor I," added Eustace. "My education in that direction has been sadly neglected. But I will do what I can to amuse myself, Mrs. Burdette."

"I hope you will do so," replied the hostess. "But have you seen Mrs. Tendrie? Does she not look perfectly angelic?"

"She is fiendish," said Eustace. I must admit," answered Eustace. "Who is that with her?"

"Mr. Pendleton."

"Pendleton!" ejaculated Eustace, somewhat surprised. "Why I thought his name was Waller."

"Waller!" cried Mrs. Burdette and Gertrude almost in one breath.

"Waller!" reiterated Mrs. Burdette, "no such thing. He was introduced to me as Mr. Pendleton. I will see Mrs. Tendrie about it."

"Do nothing of the kind," said Eustace, "if you wish to oblige me. I have a reason for it."

"Pray, what Mr. Waller is that?" demanded Gertrude, in an agitated manner, of Eustace.

"I know nothing more than you do, Miss Southgate. All I know of him I learned from Mr. Sipes and Dr. St. Jean. Come, let us go into the conservatory. It is cooler there."

"It alarms me to hear the name of Waller," said Gertrude as they passed down the path. "My sister married a man named Waller, and where she is and where he is I should give worlds to find out. Possibly this gentleman knows something about her husband. I hope so. Will you not see him, please, and ask him?"

"Certainly I will, Miss Southgate; but you see he is dancing with Mrs. Tendrie, and it would not do to disturb him. I will find out for your sake and mine also, though I hardly imagine he knows your sister's husband."

"Where does your sister live?"

"She lived or did live in the city, but I have not heard from her for years. I should so love to find out. The mention of that name really awakens an unpleasant chord in my memory, Mr. Marvin."

"Ah, here comes Dr. St Jean. I will ask him and Mr. Sipes," said Eustace. "Well, Doctor, where did you leave Bertha?"

"In the good company of Mrs Burdette. This is a magnificent party here to night, and the grounds look really enchanting. I was just congratulating Mrs. Burdette upon the appearance of things. But, by the way, my boy," he added, speaking in a slightly low tone, as if the communication was meant for Eustace's ear alone from Gertrude's, "there seems to be a queer company here. Professor Major's here, the coroner, and guests of Mrs. Tendrie, too. Sipes says that makes all our suspicions about the well-founded. We must give Major and the coroner a piece of my mind before I leave here to-night."

"Professor Major here," ejaculated Eustace; "you positively surprise me, and in league with the powers of evil."

"Exactly so, my boy. Well, Miss Southgate, you are wise enough to forego dancing on a balmy night."

"Yes, and at all times, doctor. The dance music is always enchanting to me, the dance always ridiculous. There is a very merry party here to-night, and I confess they are all strangers to me."

"To all of us I imagine," said Eustace. "Who is that stylish lady-blonde in that white dress yonder?"

"Miss Romege," answered Gertrude, the Senator's daughter. She is perfectly lovely, is she not?"

"I can't be so superlative," answered Eustace, "she is a very nice looking girl and seems to be very good-natured. Do you know her, Miss Southgate?"

"No, I am sorry to say I do not. She seems a very affable lady. She is one of Mrs. Tendrie's friends."

"And her cavalier?"

"I do not know who he is. He is very dark, is he not? He looks like an Italian."

Sipes turned round and looked at the personage designated and said, "Heighu, Doc, I ought to remember his description. Is that the dark man alluded to in the hints Mr. Marvin finished, "a dark complexioned man—so dark that he appears a half breed or a negro?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say I do not. He seems a very nice looking girl and seems to be very good-natured. Do you know her, Miss Southgate?"

"No, I am sorry to say I do not. She seems a very affable lady. She is one of Mrs. Tendrie's friends."

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"Why, Mr. Marvin, you are quite a poet," said the Doctor, "I will tell you after while, if our scheme works smoothly. There seems to be the fiends' own racket outside. I am astonished that Mrs. Burdette permits such a hurly-burly. I am sure there is too much wine afloat."

"Humbug!" cried Sipes. "If there is let me stop the dreadful flood. I'll dam it up! I'll see you at ten o'clock, and then we can talk eh?"

"Yes, but one moment." I want you to watch Mrs. Tendrie. Watch her every movement, and report to me—also see if you can catch any glimpse of Miss Templeton. She may be here. There is no telling. Even in disguise."

"Oh, as for that Templeton, how can I tell in the crowd when I never saw her."

"Oh, I forgot, replied Dr. Jean." That is true, you never did see her. But it is no matter; keep you eye on Mrs. Tendrie."

"I will! I will! This is a fearfully dry conversation, Doctor. Let us have some champagne."

"Well go then. I'll wait here till you come back. This cigar has cast such a lazy influence over me that I cannot resist it, and I intend to remain here for a while. Its go to your widow."

"What widow, Doc?"

"Widow Cliquot you know. You can escort her this evening."

"Ah, I see, I understand! Veuve Cliquot yes, she's a charming creature."

Sipes, without further ceremony, left the room, and the Doctor, abstracted in his smoking, sat musing in the clouds he had summoned, and felt that he was utterly alone in the midst of thickened and excitement. Alone, unloved and miserable—for a moment. The party it was to him an incubus—something that appalled him. He did not know one tenth of the guests. There was nothing but confusion in the place. The scene was rapidly becoming Bacchanalian in its character. "So much wine was flowing and there was too little decorum as a natural consequence.

"The whole thing is a nuisance," said the Doctor to himself. "I wish I were back at Newton in the quiet of my library. If it was not that I wish to frustrate the escape of that villainous woman, I would not stay an instant longer. The air oppresses me. I could be happier in a beer garden. This woman and her lover I learn have secured passage from the Cheyenne steamer to Montreal. They leave here at midnight in the height of the orgie when they can best escape detection. They go to New York at once and arrive just in time to reach the steamer. Now I see no further punishment for the woman than to prevent her escape and disgrace her in the eyes of her own guests. After that she may go. She will be too late for the steamer. I wish to wreak no revenge, but mercy to expose her wiles and her infernal work. God will punish her amply. As for this Waller, this miserable outcast from decency, he deserves a whipping in the pillory for a month every day. They are a precious pair. The bachelors now hearing a new dance are beginning, could stand it no longer, but left the room to participate.

Mrs. Burdette passing the veranda looked in just then and interrupted his soliloquy.

"Why where are Mr Marvin and Miss Southgate?" she asked. "I can't find them anywhere."

"They are in the conservatory, did you look there?"

"No, I haven't been there to night. I have been so much occupied. Isn't this affair delightful?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I think it's enchanting. What we owe Mrs. Tendrie"

"We owe her much more than she'll ever get."

"Oh, you're too bad, too bad. Why don't you join the ladies?"

"I don't know any of the ladies here to tell the truth. Why didn't you introduce me?"

"Oh, surely, I will introduce you with the greatest of pleasure to all I know. There is Mrs Romege, a most charming girl."

"She pales."

"What a shame to say so."

"If she don't she ought to then, to be in the fashion. All such beauties do."

"You are cruel. Then there's Miss Martin and Miss Brooke, and—"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Burdette, but I'm not a society man. If I want a dance or a flirt with a pretty girl I'll run down to Cape May or Long Branch; but I don't, and never will. I'm no dancer—no talker. I'm nothing but a smoker, and a very dull fellow. But I thank you so much for your forethought in supplying those divine Havanas."

"Oh dear, you are very welcome; but you do not look much jaunty. That was Mrs. Tendrie's idea. She said to me, 'Oh how Dr. St. Jean will enjoy a good cigar!'"

"Did she?" growled the doctor, and then thought to himself, "She's very considerate! I had better set my cap for her at once."

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Gone to change her toilet. She has no less than three celestial dresses which she will wear to-night, in addition to the one you saw her in; A white satin and black velvet, a rose-colored silk and lace, and a rich flowered foulard. She will look heavenly."

"I hope she will. Where did she get all her silks and laces from?"

"From France."

"Perhaps."

"Oh! I know they're imported, Doctor."

"Ummon."

"You are so prejudiced against her."

"True."

"I cannot account for it; I really cannot."

"I can."

"Why don't you tell me, then?"

"I will."

"When."

"When this garden party is over, and now I will go with you to the conservatory and see how the lovers are getting along."

A servant ran in breathlessly just at this moment and exclaimed:

"Mrs. Burdette—all the lights—"

"Well, speak out what's the matter," said Mrs. Burdette, growing very pale. "What about the lights?"

"All the lights in the conservatory are out and the doors are locked."

"Ten thousand imps!" cried St. Jean leaping to his feet. "What does this mean. There's no accident, is there?"

"No sa sam—sir, I mean"

"Come, we must see what this means," said Mrs. Burdette, excitedly, "not a moment ago everybody was praising the brilliancy of the lights there and now darkness and locked doors. I can't understand it."

"Nor I," exclaimed the doctor. "It worries me. I wonder where Eustace and Gertrude are?"

They ran down the garden walk and pushing through crowds of merry people, who were laughing, talking and drinking punch and champagne, they came upon the path leading to the conservatory. When they reached that building there was quite a crowd collected about it and one man holding up a lantern close to the glass door so as to cast a light inside, exclaimed, "There's a man lying there."

"Good God," cried St. Jean, "its Eustace!" He rushed to the door and tugged at the knob. "They've been monkeying with the gas!" Mrs. Burdette burst into hysterical cries.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?"

"Let somebody get a crowbar, an axe, anything, we will burst the door open," exclaimed St. Jean.

At that instant and while they were endeavoring to force the door and while several of the bystanders ran off to secure tools a figure appeared upon the scene. It was Mrs. Tendrie in her wild costume of flowered silk. She laughed a maniacal laugh, and pointing to the conservatory, cried

"Behold my work! The lovers are poisoned. I poisoned their lemonade!"

"Seize that woman!" yelled the Doctor. But no one stirred.

St. Jean made a furious dash in his excitement to catch the crazed creature who confronted him, but with a wild shriek she ran down the walk and disappeared.

The Doctor followed her as far as he could, and he stood gazing into the dark shadows of the foliage, he heard a confused cry from the crowd near the pavilion on the lake, and could distinguish the words

"Save her! Save her by all means!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARKABLE CURE.

It would seem from the circumstances we are about to relate, says the Fillmore County Phoenix, that the age of miracles is not yet over, but that cures are yet effected through divine agency as they were in days of old. A young married lady living a few miles from this town, named Mrs. Vinnie Case (formerly Miss Sharpe), has for some months been afflicted, or almost prostrated with consumption. Everything that the best medical skill could devise has been resorted to, but in vain. Finally, when all hope had fled, when she and her friends around her had given up all as lost, and there seemed to be but a very few weeks of life remaining, at the most, a distant relative, an aged and devout man of 60 years, the most of whose life has been spent in religious work came here on a visit, and while at the house engaged in earnest prayer with Mrs. Case, laying his hands upon her head and praying for her recovery. Strange as it may seem to the skeptical, her recovery commenced immediately, and she is now a well woman. She was in our office yesterday, and personally gave evidence of complete recovery. Her face has assumed its healthy appearance, she is able to do a hard day's work without fatigue, and her step as at elastic and vigorous and her lungs appear entirely sound as when she was in perfect health. It is certainly a remarkable case. She is earnest in her thanksgiving for her recovery, and gives all credit to the Lord for it.

THE moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause is a much rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one.

Fan Talk in Cuba.

At ten o'clock, mounting the steps of an enormous sub-structure, I entered the Cathedral of Santiago with Don Antonio. We advanced immediately toward the nave. It is of great extent. Numerous columns, massive, support the colossal vault. The columns are adorned with chapels, which all contain great relics. Mahogany benches, on which are placed in the nave by the colonnade. These form two long rows and are reserved for men who come to sit there, gratis. A good many were already there, and we leaned against the back of one so as to have a good view. But in consequence there would enter some lady to fill the bench, followed by a negress carrying a chair, a carpet and prayer-book. The slave spread out the carpet, placed the chair upon it, and the lady, seated and separated humbly behind her mistress. His mistress knelt down, mumbled a few prayers, then sat down and adjusted her fan. A black veil on her engraved head, dressed in silk and flushed around her face. At the first glance she perceived the face of an unknown face, she bowed slightly, with a smile.

Ladies generally come to the cathedral to be seen and to be admired; hence it is surprising that they should show themselves in their ordinary attire. They are evidently much more preoccupied. They regard those who enter and fan themselves with a remarkable art. The management of the fan is a curious thing in this country.

In the hands of coquettes, this elegant little instrument serves less to fan them than to express their sentiments.

It has become quite a language, more varied than that of flowers, more eloquent than that of the eyes. The different modes of opening and closing it, with more or less rapidity and noise, have a thousand significations.

During the course of the Grand Mass, sung in a slow and monotonous voice, accompanied by the organ and by violins, my attention was attracted by a very pretty person, who appeared to occupy herself much more in contemplating a young man than in regarding the altar or her prayer book.

Her face, somewhat long in form, had a mellow paleness that well became her style of beauty.

She darted at him the dazzling glances of two large eyes, capable of inflaming many a heart. Her hair, of magnificent black, framed well her forehead.

Her nose spread itself a little toward the base, so if to let pass readily the strong breath of her passion. Her little mouth, with its lips of coral, opened partly from time to time to show two rows of dazzling pearls.

Her form, somewhat long in form, had a mellow paleness that well became her style of beauty.

She darted at him the dazzling glances of two large eyes, capable of inflaming many a heart. Her hair, of magnificent black, framed well her forehead.

Her nose spread itself a little toward the base, so if to let pass readily the strong breath of her passion. Her little mouth, with its lips of coral, opened partly from time to time to show two rows of dazzling pearls.

Her face

REMACHESTER.

BY R. K. W.

A WATERFALL IN ABOYLESHIRE.

The waters flash on the rocks beneath,
And flash in the sunlight, fresh and bright,
While dancing spray with a silvery wreath
Encircles Loch-Leander.

Then over the stream of life flows on,
With form happy and flower won,
A moment here on this cliff we gone,
Like Loch-Leander.

Some lives seem on like a peaceful stream;
Unbroken by the surface of the sun,
Tranquil as the river whose waters stream
To the unbroken ocean.

Others career on their restless way;
Their course is troubled, their waters foul;
At present the sparkling sunlit ever
Are gone from Loch-Leander.

Some lives with folly and sin are fraught;
They shun earth's beauty with ears and eyes,
As oxygen the ocean, and so they float
On the Loch-Leander.

And now and again a sunbeam bright
Dances the earth with its golden light,
As sh-dreams the sunshine's tinted light
On Loch-Leander.

TIDES.

BY DANIEL A. STALL ALONE.

[All lives have two tides and whoever tides.]

"Who is she?"

"You will have to designate the particular object of your curiosity and question, Chair Crowell, before I can answer. There are several of them, and I am at a loss to know which you mean."

"Pshaw!"—impatiently—"as if there were any other in the group that would be likely to arouse a fellow's interest. I never was more particular in my choice, of course!"

"Oh! India Crawford. I might as well own but that it wasn't my purpose to introduce you to her, old boy. I have a weakness in that quarter, myself, and fear you will prove a formidable rival. But stay, I forget. You have flown on marriage, I believe."

"Hush your nonsense, Frank, do! What eyes!" And Clair Cornell leaned back in the shadow of the over-hanging ledge of rock skirting the beach at Grey Sands, and, unheeding the whispering of leaves from his sketch-book which had fallen to the ground, watched with fascinated eyes, the graceful movements of the central figure of a bevy of girls gathering shells and bright, warm colored pebbles down near the water's edge.

A beautiful creature to look upon was this India Crawford. How well the name suited her! From her dark hair that seemed to have caught and imprisoned a sunbeam in the waves that swept her low, white bosom to the rips, curved lips and rounded chin, the young girl's face was a study.

"Come, girls. Let us return to the hotel. Aunt Jane will be uneasy." And gathering up the shining folds of her green tissue, looking like a mermaid's treasures with her tiny basket thereof of rich marine and filled with delicately pink and white shells, India prepared to lead the way.

"Oh, dear! I'm not half ready to go back. What's your hurry, India?"

"I promised Aunty. Don't coax me, Myrtle. The beach has sufficient attraction to burn me from duty and conscience from you," with a low tripping laugh.

"You're a strange girl, India," remarked Florence Wilde, as linking her arm within that of her friend, the two girls slowly picked their way to the hotel, while the rest of the group came to leave the beach at any time save with turn of tide, and you always continue to lay your plans for a stroll among the shells and pebbles accordingly. Why is it?"

India looked grave, then smiled.

"You see I am 'one by myself,' Flay, and perhaps am moved by the spell of the tides. She knows!" addressing herself.

"You're making fun."

"You're a little gossip!" And with those words, uttered playfully, and accompanied by a kiss, India Crawford effectually checked Florence's quizzing, although we are inclined to think her evasion of the subject served to increase her friend's curiosity.

Miss Crawford, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Cornell," said Frank Bisworth, a few hours later, approaching that young lady, as she sat beauty overlooking upon the hotel piazza, newly vacated by Clair.

India's dreamy eyes were raised for an instant only to the face of the handsome stranger to whom she was introduced, gracefully, his smile and bow; then dropped again, as she said:

"You have but just arrived, Mr. Cornell?" with a blush and smile. "I hope the society here may prove as entertaining as you could wish. We have quite a number of visitors, Mr. Bisworth has doubtless informed you."

"Yes, Frank sent me such glowing descriptions of Grey Sands and its beautiful de-serves that I finally reminded to run over and see for myself."

"I am sure that Mr. Bisworth could not prove more fitting Sands," Mr. Cornell. This is my last visit, and certainly it is, as it is the most grandly picturesque bit of cliff and sand that ever opened its shell-garnished arms to ensnare the sea. Only look where yonder rock meets the water, how the billows capped moss stone—strength-sneering strength!"

"I see," arose Clair, his artist-eye taking in the whole picture, prominent in which was a certain graceful figure, and a glance "and the strength of the rock is fairly equaled by the persistency of the waves in their coaxing clash. It is a good lesson for us, is it not?"

"What are you people proving about? There is no doubt of the rock's being the stronger of the two. The waves throw themselves upon it and are beaten back by their pains. That is all."

"No it isn't all, Frank. If you will examine the rock that seems so stern and impregnable, you will find deep cuts worn by the lashing of the waters. It may be slow and yet nevertheless sure work—work that has been going on for ages."

"Ah! Don't compare me to a wave, then, please. I place more confidence in one change, short onslaught, in an undertaking that I have anything to do with. Your quiet, unclouded people never amount to much. If I conquer I want it to be by storm, at once. Otherwise I would weary." And Frank Bisworth yawned, stretched himself, and sank down upon the cushions at India's feet, toying with her ball of crochet cotton.

Clair Cornell saw the dreamy eyes rest full upon young Bisworth with an expression of tender regard, hastily dropped into a chair and drew out his sketch-book. Then he hinged his pencil again, a slight curve hovered about the warm, red lips, and the small, shapely head was bent low over the book through the lace-like mesh, which redoubled speed.

"I do not consider an end worth gaining that is accomplished by stirring for, Mr. Bisworth."

"I am glad you know about struggling for a desired object, Miss Crawford," with a smile. "Has some one a trouble or care? I should think you would entertain fully with my views of the necessity of the use and luxury of

"Some one is upon his advancement, I presume," remarked Clair, quietly, as India turned them to the sea.

"Yes, one of Mr. Bisworth's opinion. Mr. [illegible]

"In these no good thing in life worth gaining, save by the sweat of the brow."

"Ah, is so, Miss India," said Clair, curiously, "and taking advantage of your remark, I will ask you how many of your sex do you consider worth gaining?"

"Oh! I don't know. Perhaps a dozen, perhaps more, perhaps less. I never thought of counting them."

"Then your ideas of the necessity of struggle are not very high, I should say."

"Why, Clair Cornell, how you talk! Do you suppose I would marry a man who would not struggle for me? Why, I should despise him. I might receive an entrance and be

AT THE BAR.

"Who speaks for this man?" From the great white Throne,
Voices of ill-fit remote clouds the Yukon came forth,
Each pleading a personal need silence.
And rustling and soft as the night-wind's breath and death,
The unfamiliar accents murmured quick and deep,
Who speaks for this man—or does he plead?

Answering he listened, for his earthly life
Filled before him in full measure and brief,
He lessened no glory to do deeds stolen,
Nor wrought of fame or pleasure, hungry eye,
Weak knee, wrapt soul, quiet, and obscure,
Born to the obedience of duty and the poor.

Lo, from the solemn concourse hushed and dim,
The widow's prayer, the orphan's blessing rose!
The struggler sighed for the rest he had given,
The sweet of a wearied home-and-sheltered wife,
And like a chorus spoke the crushed heart of all
"He gave us of all he could, and what he had."

And little words of loving kindness said,
And tender thoughts, and help in time of need,
Sprang up like incense by each gracious deed;
In some warm corner, green by summer flung sod,
A faithful worker heard the kindest meed,
Such tribes gathered to be about a widow.

Judged by circumstances' strong fetters bound,
The scars so little, and the hard to fulfil
Do not to-day as one for all shudder,
Let sympathy be true, our courage full,
When morning flower neighbors' pure and weak,
Bless it unseen at your trial hour to speak!

MY BIG EARS.

BY J. STODDAY.

Among the many old-fashioned books with which my father's library was stocked was a little, yellow, crooked-backed volume entitled "The Crook in the Lot." I had often taken it from its leaves over, look at the dry reading matter and wonder what it meant. Did some shepherd boy lose his crook in the lot where the sheep were penned, or was he afraid of being punished and did some kind fairy restore it to him; or was there something peculiar about the crook in the fire-piece on which the big pots hung and were raised or lowered to make the boil fast or slow? or laying these conjectures aside, was the entire book about some man's crooked lot, and if so, did it make trouble between him and his neighbors? If this were the case I thought the matter might have been settled by setting the fence straight or digging a new ditch.

And so, as "The Crook in the Lot" was written by one of the clergymen, and was full of Scriptural texts, and looked too deep and prosy to read, it remained a subject of wonderment to me for many years.

I was born and raised in the country, and I went to a public school with boys and girls, of various grades, who were my rivals in study and companions in play irrespective of everything save the mental intellectual standard. The poor laborer's little girl had as much right to be head of the class as the Doctor's daughter, and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was recited as well by Tim Casey in his old ragged jacket and with his curly hair in confusion, as it was by John Williams, the rich Quaker's son.

Social differences were of no account to us in those days—or rather, years; we learned to sing the epitaph and settlements in classes, struggled through fractions, cuba root and quadratic equations, were kept in at noon for missing our definitions or parsing, were punished at sundry times for firing spit-balls or shooting peas, heated with strawberries or flowers in summer and played skating and sleigh-went coasting down the long hills in winter. But these childish joys suddenly lost all their charm for me by the advent of a city boy into our midst. His name was Jim Taylor, and he was a nice looking boy and his smart sayings, stylish appearance and high-handed ways made him at once the lion of the school.

A strange thing, too, was that at times, would of course be more likely to notice our peculiarities—merits and defects—than if he had been raised among us, and so Paul Quackenbush, a generous, unspendingly gifted boy, became the terror of many a sensitive and ill-favored child.

"Hallo, Ears!" was his first salutation to me, "You ought to have your bonnets made with ten gores at the side of the face."

My ears were very prominent, but this was the first time they had ever been ridiculed.

A donkey was generally kept in the field next to the school-house, and it was long before he was pointed out to me with the remark:

"There's a relation of yours in that field; he wants you to step up to the fence, as he has something to say to you."

Blushes and tears were my only replies to such teasing. I was angry at him, and hurt that my schoolmates, who had known me all my life, should laugh at his unkind, but witty attacks.

Being rather smart for my age I was in all the classes, although he was two years my senior.

One day a somewhat difficult problem having gone around the class, the teacher gave us a few minutes to think it over, and whoever could do it might explain it on the Blackboard, and then go up head.

Paul was number one while I was a few seats below him; but stimulated by the prospect of a triumph, I put the matter in my mind, and springing on the platform I put it down in black and white before the whole school, greatly to the teacher's and my satisfaction.

As I took my seat at the head of the class Paul sneeringly inquired, "Did your ears help you do all that?" On windy days he would point to my ears and tell me to roll up my awnings; on cloudy days he would advise me to take in my sails, as we were going to have a storm.

Sometimes he would say: "What a lucky girl you are to have such persons are gifted with a good ear for music, but you have two splendid ones."

One time Signor Biffo gave an entertainment in the village, and nearly all the school children went to see it. I took a back seat so as not to attract observation, but my tormentor was not far off, so while waiting for the performance to commence, his spirit of mischief found vent in my unfortunate ears.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen!" etc. Lend me your ears!" he began. "Plague on it! boys what bad ears we have go here. I'm afraid we'll be able to hear a word. Say, sis!" calling over to me. "Sis! Mary! can't you do a favor to a klatsman and lend us one of your ears?"

"What a stupid I was to forget my ear trumpet," said aunt.

"Hallo, Mary!" said a little fellow in a stage whisper, as he threw a bean at me, "hurry, put your ears in your pocket, or Billie may be finding some potatoes in them.

And so the fire of remarks went on, while I was nearly sick with mortification at the notoriety my ears were giving me through the cruel fun of that sad boy.

At last the great magician made his appearance, so I was left unnoticed to enjoy his wonderful tricks, and so absorbed did I become in them, especially his ventriloquism, that I threw off my shawl, stood up like the rest on the back seat, and laughed heartily. The next day at school, Paul Quackenbush told me Signor Biffo asked him "who was that tall girl with the big ears, who opened her mouth so wide and laughed so loud?"

Finally the novelty of my ears wore off, but whether reminded of it or not, I was keenly alive to the fact that they still adorned my head.

These years passed by bringing with them a series of changes for me. My mother and father died, and I was taken to Philadelphia to live with a married sister, a widow, who was kind to me, and gave me every enjoyment and happiness they could think of; but I was not very hard to please, for my tastes were on the intellectual order, and as I was aware that I could never shine in fashionable society, I found my greatest delight in music and reading and in the friendship of a few girls who liked me in spite of ears.

When I was about twenty my good music thought it was time I saw something of the world, and that it was their duty to find me a husband, or rather to let some man find me.

I protested against the make a show of me and my ears they had better leave me to P. T. Barnum."

"Why, what does the child mean?" exclaimed Aunt Sarah.

"I am sure we don't want to do anything but what is for your good," said Aunt Sarah.

"I know you don't," I replied, "but I suffer if so much is said about my ears when I was at school, that I cannot bear to go among strangers again; and not only this, but you have been so kind to me, and I have been so happy that I want it to here always."

My dear, old aunt was very much moved at this and told me my ears were just as the Lord made them, and as He never made anything in vain, that their size and shape were for some good purpose; that instead of being ashamed I should be by imagining myself a martyr, or running away from the cross He had imposed on me by shutting myself up in selfish seclusion, I should do what my hand found to do—taking strength and humility in righteousness; that everybody had some cross to bear, and this was a small one in comparison to what it might have been; that this was the crook in my lot and my duty was to bair it until it pleased God to straighten it.

I remembered the little book called "The Crook in the Lot," and, hunting it up, I read it through and found what puzzled the child, comforted and instructed the woman.

After many good, soulful talks with my aunts, I mustered up courage to go traveling with them, and in so doing, soon got over the feeling that everybody was looking at my ears.

We spent a year in Europe and then came home to rest before going further; a quiet, but fashionable hotel at the seaside was our choice for the summer, and there we settled down.

By this time I learned to enjoy the society of cultivated ladies and gentlemen regardless of my personal a wareness.

Among the distinguished guests present that season was Miss Eva Lindley, a golden-haired little blonde with a sylph-like figure and an enchanting voice, and Miss Helen Thornton, a magnificent specimen of beauty, whose face was not her only charm, as she was as talented as she was beautiful.

These two made a trio with myself, of whom they never betrayed any jealous, as I rivaled them in nothing.

Two or three gentlemen were admitted to the circle and as we were so well assorted, we had very enjoyable times. If there was any sentiment or love-making to be indulged in, Eva or Helen, were the proper ones to receive it, but for practical amusement or for a consistent third party, I was always to be relied on.

The gentlemen who usually escorted us in our rides or walks, were Barry Smith, who had nothing to do but smile at a large fortune, Frank Ellicott, whose lucrative connection with an iron company, gave us the benefit of his genial presence all summer, and Jim Taylor, a Californian specimen; he had gone up to the mines when only a boy, and by perseverance, industry and honesty, had attained an enviable degree of independence, but through all the vicissitudes that attend the career of a miner, he had closely adhered to the right, so that now, at the age of thirty-five, he was a gentleman of honor, refinement, and a spotless reputation. He was handsome, fine-looking, with not a trace of foppery to mar his splendid manliness, and gifted with wit of the purest species. This was the general make-up of our circle, with occasional additions and absences.

We played games or went yachting in the morning, lounged through the afternoon and danced, rode or promenaded at night. No one paid particular attention to me, so I enjoyed everything in general way, often wondering what would be the matrimonial terminations of this unique combination, but as I was born to be single and

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

Publication Office, 427 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 31, 1877.

CONTENTS OF THE POST.

We point with pardonable pride to the contents of the present issue of the Post, and think our patrons and the public in general will agree with us in the opinion that a better and more healthful literary banquet was never spread before the readers of a weekly family newspaper. In the first place, we present, from the pen of sterling merit, namely, "Elaine," "What Will They Do With Him," and "For Love's Sake Only," and in the second place, a department of "Home Culture" of great interest. In this department we give, also, the initial chapter of Mrs. H. O. Ward's admirable work on "Self Training," a work that everybody may read with combined pleasure and profit. Besides these important features, our current number will be found literally overflowing with charming short stories, miscellaneous articles, telling departments and readable editorials. Our "Pertinent Paragraphs" column contains much valuable information, and "Our Fashion Chat," we venture to say, is as thorough and complete a digest of intelligence for the ladies as any fashion journal of the land has ever presented. But we submit the Post on its merits, and think we can truthfully claim for it that it has no rival as a paper for the home circle and general reading.

STILL ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

In the next issue of the Post we shall commence the publication of still another new serial. It is entitled

"WAS SHE GUILTY?"

and is from the pen of that graceful and brilliant authoress, Pauline Wynne, whose "Fanny Lee" books were and yet are so popular. This romance is thoroughly interesting, and there is a peculiar fascination attached to the adventures of the heroine that no reader will be able to shake off. We promise our patrons a fine literary treat in "Was She Guilty."

HAWTHORNE AS A NOVELIST.

That Hawthorne was one of the very best prose writers this country has ever produced cannot be doubted; that he was a short story writer of great power is also true; but that he was a novelist, as that term is now understood, we emphatically must be denied and the denial can be sustained. Hawthorne was a natural born artist—that must be evident to every student of literature who has read his fascinating productions—he saw everything with a painter's eye, and appreciated all he looked on with a poet's soul. Hence he was a searcher after beauty, a worker for effect, a toiler for the harmonious blending of parts in their every relation to plot. He was a word painter in the most exalted meaning of the term—a prospect.

His claim to the title of novelist is founded on four works of sterling merit, viz: "The Blithedale Romance," "The Scarlet Letter," and "The Marble Faun." These works he styled "romances," urging, time and again, that the word romance meant a novel of the most amusing kind. Now a novel is a tissue of plot carried out by the characters therein involved, and the aim of the true novelist is, first, to centre attention on this plot—to interest the reader in its elucidation; and second, to draw the actors in the flesh thats of every day life—to bring them in sympathy with humanity. The style of composition is important, it is true, but it is a secondary matter compared with the blending of plot and characters. Hawthorne never—as in this, his novel, or romance, is not a plot, it has very little plot at all, and his constant endeavor is to draw away the attention from even that little. The characters are, with few exceptions, poorly sketched—far from mortal men and women, and the style of composition is always made the main object. Hence, Hawthorne, as we have said, is not a novelist, but a word painter.

Let us look more closely into Hawthorne's romances. The style of "The Blithedale Romance" is clear and flowing, and much resembles that of Dr. Holmes, as it is displayed here and there with what Thackeray called "fine writing." The plot is very meagre, and the whole work extremely sketchy. The characters are very few, and there is a lack of interesting incident. The two characters out of the "Brook Farm" Communistarists are taken as a school to weave the story, but the characters are not made as much of as they might have been. Coverdale is a magnificent specimen of carefully drawn, Hollingsworth is a failure, Zenobia is a shadowy personage. Foster is a true New England yeoman; and Coverdale fills property his appropriate niche. Westervelt is a very unsatisfactory sort of an impostor, and the mystery of his relations with Zenobia and Priscilla is, in a rather clumsy manner, left an unsolved problem at the close. The description of the midnight search for Zenobia's body, after the latter's suicide, is exceedingly vivid and graphic, and shows what dramatic power was latent in Hawthorne. Altogether, "The Blithedale Romance," though not great, is a pleasant, readable sketch—but it is not a novel.

Of the "House of the Seven Gables," we may truthfully say that it is nothing but an extended sketch. The dim shadow that answers for a plot is artistic and poetic, to be sure, but still a shadow. In point of style and execution the work is infinitely superior to "The Blithedale Romance." It shows plainly the hand of matured genius, and every chapter in it is a perfect picture. The characters may be classified as follows: Phœbe Pyncheon, heroine; a female ray of sunshine; Hepzibah Pyncheon, her cousin, the lady of the "scowl"—an old maid, blighted, crushed, but proud; Clifford Pyncheon, her brother, a shadowy, half-imbecile lover of the beautiful; Jaffrey Pyncheon, his cousin, a judge and prosperous man; Holgrave, a daguerreotypist, transient, believer in the isms—hero; Uncle Venner, ragged philosopher. Hepzibah's poverty and her struggles with her pride in setting up the "Cent-shop" in the old family mansion are admirably sketched, as also is the sudden and unexpected coming of Phœbe to the rescue. The arrival of Clifford, solemn, mysterious event, is managed excellently, and the sensations of the recently imprisoned man and his sister are pictured with thrilling intensity. "Maule's Curse," which hangs over the old mansion and its owners, is the theme of the story. The death of Jaffrey Pyncheon is given with an exquisite touch, and the chapter devoted to his corpse sitting in the ancestral chair alone, from day to night, and from night to day again, is very poetry. The discovery of Judge Death by Hepzibah and Clifford and their crazy flight are replete with sorrowful beauties, whilst the return of Phœbe, finding all desolate and forsaken, and her meeting with Holgrave are beyond criticism. But whilst "The House of the Seven Gables" is unquestionably a literary gem of the first water, still it is not a novel any more than "The Blithedale Romance" is.

More of a novel than the two works already spoken of is "The Scarlet Letter," but still even this does not come fully up to the required standard. The identity of the father of an illegitimate child is the mystery of the story, but, unfortunately, this mystery is so thinly veiled that the reader penetrates it almost from the very start. The plot is a mere thread, but there is a connection and a consistency in the tale not to be found in any other of Hawthorne's romances. Hester Prynne, in the prison door, with the sin-child, Pearl, in her arms, to face her punishment, to the day of that other crisis, when Arthur Dimmesdale, in hishour of greatest earthly triumph, owns his portion of the shame on the self-same scaffold where she was first exposed with the Scarlet Letter on her bosom, enchains the sympathies and the attention of the reader. Arthur Dimmesdale and Roger Chillingworth are well sketched, and Pearl is one of the most curious, and, at the same time, one of the prettiest of Hawthorne's creations. The style of "The Scarlet Letter" is sober, polished and refined, and the book is decidedly the best thing its author ever wrote.

Hawthorne's last complete romance "The Marble Faun," is pretty and full of feeling, but, in the main, crude. Two of its characters are but reproductions, viz: Miriam and Hilda, in whom it is easy to recognize Zenobia and Priscilla, of "The Blithedale Romance." Fainter reproductions, perhaps, of Westervelt and Coverdale, are Donatello and Kenyon, while the Model and Kenyon, the "man of marble." Donatello, the Faun, is an original character and well-drawn. Pleasanter in the earlier portions of the narrative, but growing more developed and more dramatic in the concluding parts, Donatello interests and attracts. The atmosphere of art pervading this romance is delicious, and the dreamy grandeur of antique Rome bursts out from the page and enrobes the reader at every turn. "The Marble Faun" has Hawthorne's capital defect, the imperfect solution of the mystery at the end, which renders it, in a great measure, unsatisfactory.

Of course it is impossible to give a full idea of Hawthorne's beauties and defects in the brief compass of such an article as this. We have, however, striven in some measure to point them out in passing, and to sum up briefly, but we trust plainly that, though his merit as a writer of consummate skill and power cannot be denied. Hawthorne was not a novelist, and that his "romances" deserve no higher rank than that accorded to first-class extended sketches.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

To visit a large newspaper office and see the thoughts of great scientists made use of in a way of which Caxton would hardly have dreamed, is to impress one with an entirely new idea of the progress of mankind. We moderns have very little idea of the wonders amongst which we live, of the chemic and mechanic forces which are at our command, and which produce for us the lowly existence of every people the marvels imagined in the ages long gone by.

To illustrate by our idea of witnessing the process of a daily paper being stereotyped—the thoughts, as it were, crystallized into solids to be used in broadcast; this is enough to astonish people, if they only could see and think about it. Our commonest wants are supplied by magic now-a-days, and it would interest and delight the public to be merely told of the astonishing marvels which science has wrought for us, and is still fashioning. An article upon popular science, whether upon botany, mineralogy, chemistry or entomology, can never be dull.

How grateful we ought to be to those scientists who show us the wonders of our great earth, the habits of its microscopic life, the mysteries of its flowers and its plants. Those in search of which in bodies were confined about some forty or fifty days is that which ministers to this idea—this craving of the people for light, more light upon the mysteries of nature.

To give an illustration of a popular scientific experiment which may be brought to our readers, we will state the following: Most persons have seen and know the nature of phosphorous. It is a waxy, volatile substance, easily ignited and must carefully preserved from the least fire. Modern science has discovered that if this waxy substance, so readily inflamed, is subjected to a heat of 500 degrees in an atmosphere of nitrogen, the phosphorous does not lose its character as phosphorous, but becomes changed into what is called amorphous phosphorous. That is it puts on a mask, as it were. This amorphous phosphorous put in the sun does not ignite, subjected to friction does not inflame. It can be taken into the mouth and eat, and yet does not irritate and poison like phosphorous does. In fact it is phosphorous in a sleep. All the properties of phosphorous are there and yet are latent.

Now if we take amorphous phosphorous in contact with chlorate of potash and rub it, it instantly ignites. Why? Simply because the process of rubbing it [this will hardly be believed by our readers, but it is a fact] restores in a necessary five hundred degrees of heat requisite to change it back to its original waxen state, and hence restores all his hidden properties. It is like ice thawed into water again. Its properties have been suspended, have been annihilated.

A familiar illustration of this is seen in a peculiar match, which cannot be ignited except by contact with the box. The sand paper of the box contains chlorate of potash; the match contains amorphous phosphorous. Strike the match, and it evolves heat sufficient to resolve the phosphorous into combustion, and creates the necessary light and heat for the purpose of a match.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

Paris is eminently the city of invention in all that pertains to domestic economy, and the various ruses of the shabby genteel there to cut a figure, both at their grand dinners and fashionable evening parties, have become renowned. The Boston Saturday Gazette, always alive to Parisian novelties of any description, thus descants upon the latest dinner-party subterfuge: "Paris, with its population of a thousand and one little tricks that have preceded it: "In respectable butcher shops in Paris may be seen the announcement: 'Hams let for dinner-parties.' A percentage for the hire and the ancunt eaten is charged, and then the ham is returned to be sold over the counter. This is a brilliant idea, quite in keeping with the many other problems in domestic economy that have been solved in the gay city. It was there that originated the idea of letting out dress suits for private parties, enabling the impecunious to appear in all the advantages of clawhammer coat, black trousers, patent leathers and crush hat. It was there, also, that the unique custom of hiring out ornamental candied wedding cakes took its rise. But as it was found that people invited to the wedding-dinners would insist on chipping off the ornamental sugar, defeating the symmetry of the cake for all future speculation, an inventive genius immortalized himself by introducing an elaborately designed cast-iron cake, which, being encrusted with sugar, defied all attempts at mutilation. But the climax of utility is reached in this ham business. The dress suit might at length be recognized, the trick of the iron wedding cake might be found out, arousing shame and mortification in those who have resorted to these subterfuges; but the ham defies discovery. Now that this entering wedge has been so effectively applied, we may shortly expect to hear of soups, ice-creams, pates and other property feasts to meet the inquisitive eye of the public. Mirlots

DOLORES.

"Siempre magnifer dolores
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."—Dante.

Like a crystal of ice that is melting
Are the thoughts of the years long fled;
Like a dream of those voices are fading,
The memory of those who are dead.

A blossom that wilts as we gather it,
An echo that dies on the air,
The thought which can only remind us
Of days when our souls were fair.

The past from our hearts has receded,
The future is all that remains;
Our lives are the same as they are ebbing,
The star of our destiny wanes.

Our hopes, let us carry them with us
Like burdens of sorrow by the waves
The saddest of earthly deceivers,
Let us hide them away in our graves.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of a "Woman's Vow," "Wrong from the Grave," "Husband of Which," etc.

The story was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.
THE COURT MARTIAL.

As Lola sat at her window on the second evening after their unexpected rescue from an immediate encounter with the mob whom she had learned to despise so thoroughly, she was again startled by the shrill blast of a bugle, and looking out, saw the wardens rushing to demand the poor wretched victim of treason.

"Is it there?" asked her mother starting up in alarm.

"I cannot tell," replied Lola with palpitating heart, "until they come inside the gate. Heaven grant that it be not my tormentor returning."]

"No, dear," answered her mother unconvincingly. "I trust that it is your husband that should have been. No one else would be welcome to me."

"Ha," said Lola, springing up and pressing her face to the glass, "the gates are opening, and—yes—they are entering. May the Lord preserve us, mama; there is Malvern Cushing with William Whitfield at his side !"

"Well, what else could you expect or desire, you silly child? He will now be executed in a few hours, and that is the grand consideration of every woman's wishes."

Had not Lola been persuaded that her mother's mind was entirely unhinged, her own indignation might have been aroused to an unfilial degree, but as it was she sat wringing her hands in despair, believing that now there could be no possibility of escape for her.

In the meantime, Malvern Cushing had dismounted in the yard below, and thrown his reins, with a gloomy nod of recognition, to his groom. In a few moments the man had followed his example, when followed closely by Whitfield, he turned to the retainers whom he had left here on his departure, and requested them to take their horses to the stable.

The men obeyed him, some with a look of mute astonishment, though Milos Gay and others knew what this grim demeanor might portend.

Malvern Cushing, meanwhile, had led the way to his private council room, and opening a door with a key from his own pocket, entered and seated himself in a chair at the end of a room at the farther extremity of the apartment.

His eagle eye ran over each face as they defiled past him, and the man stands before me nerved by authorities from amongst you of treason against our fraternal order. The charge has been laid before me, and some of you are aware at least of the general drift of them. We are each of us wearied with travel and anxiety. Has not cause sufficient appeared why the accused should be returned in custody until he can be brought before us all assembled on to-morrow or the following day to hear evidence whether or not he be guilty of the things laid to his charge?"

"It is enough," they cried with one voice, "our oath must be inviolate."

"Then let Westbrook and Seaks take him in charge, and see that he be properly confined;" said Cushing, turning down from his seat, "we will have him before us to-morrow, and until then I must beg permission to remain uninterrupted, as I am much fatigued."

He walked quickly through the apartment without looking back, and repaired at once to his private sitting-room, while the appointed guides led Whitfield to his place of confinement, the latter stifling a groan of oaths to which he dared not give utterance.

Malvern Cushing found his wife, who had come up with her attendants some moments later than himself, and had divested herself of her riding habit, lying back in her chair, visibly overcome with fatigue and anxiety, and as his footstep broke the stillness of her room, she started up with a cry, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Dear, darling husband," she cried, "I am so glad that you have come. I—I was afraid—"

"Afraid of what, Violet?" he asked herself as I would have you do, you would give utterance to no such expression, for it has been said by the Book of books, you know, 'that perfect love casteth out all fear.'"

"But you might be angry, Malvern ?"

"My temper is none of the most amiable," he answered, looking down into her face while he drew her close to him, "and I do not think I have ever shown it towards you, my wife: so you can tell me what it is that has excited your alarm."

"Why, had you halt on the way and then turn back a day earlier than we had expected ?" she asked. "Why was not this girl married to the man, as I preferred, during my absence? Something must have gone wrong here, and you are worried and troubled."

"There are two questions and an assertion all in one breath," he said with a smile. "So let me answer you in a like wholesale manner, and set your tender heart at rest. Something has gone wrong. Whitfield has entertained designs of treason towards me, and I forbade the marriage, until I could look into the charges preferred against him."

"Do you believe him guilty?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes."

"Then Malvern! oh, don't be angry. What will be done with him ?"

"What is done with all traitors ?" he asked with a frown.

She shuddered and buried her face in her hands. Presently she spoke again.

"And this fair, innocent girl?"

"Violet," he said, with more severity in his tone than she had ever called forth before, "more matters which you cannot influence and in which you should not therefore concern, to those upon whom the responsibility of settling them must devolve. You are fatigued with travel and so am I. Let us ring for supper, and when it is served, rest some twitching love story for a while and then retire to rest. And to-morrow let me see no shadow on your brow, Valeria. Remember I warned you that this world had no one of trials and sorrows, if indeed to mine."

"And I," she said, rising and pressing her lips to his brow; "I ask nothing more than that you love me always as now, to have my happiness strewn with flowers. And yet, oh, Malvern, this day would be a heaven on earth to me, if you would abandon this this place and turning our backs forever upon all those rude men, dwell aloof from the world in the humblest cottage that ever graced a woodland dell!"

She had spoken with enthusiasm, and her face, all aglow with excitement, had never seemed more lovely to him so lovely. Yet a half-frown settled upon his high pale brow, and he drew back from her embrace.

"Valeria," he said, "I have endeavored to render the home to which I have brought you somewhat worthy of its mistress. I am sorry to see that that my efforts have failed so signally."

"But, beloved!" she cried out impulsively, still with her arms about him, "it is not ours, and I never can be happy here."

No actual steel could have wounded him more severely for his pride. This expression of pain—excruciating pain—rested for a moment upon his handsome features, giving place the next instant, however, to a look of stern, withholding anger.

"Not ours!" he repeated in a tone of haughty inquiry. "Not ours! Who has a higher claim here than I? Aye, and I shall hold it until its last brick and wretched mite dust. You are morrows. Valeria, and need rest, for once in my life, I might be angry with you."

She attempted to get down and clasp his knees in supplication, all the agony I am to endure, that our child shall never be ashamed of us. For my sake—for all our sakes—spare this young girl who is shut up here from the cruel fate you have designed for her, lest some one in the days to come, should so deal in our child."

She was trembling from head to foot in the intensity of her excitement, for never in all their intercourse had she summoned courage to speak to him thus. Though kind, chivalrous and fond in his demeanor towards her, there were phases of his character which she did not understand, and over which a veil which she had never dared to lift. Even now she started back, dismayed at her own temerity, and fell to sobbing so hysterically that he was forced to lift her in his arms.

"Are you ashamed of me, Valeria? he asked with bowed head, but she only answered by pressing up closer to him, and sobbing beneath the caresses of his soft womanly hand. And while he seemed, for some moments to be absorbed in a deep study. After a while, however, lying thus upon his breast, she fell asleep, and he bent looking down into her face with a strange blending of stern and melting moods, that would have rendered him a somewhat complex subject for the student of physiognomy.

As Junietta came in to announce tea, he lifted his hand with a warning gesture, and the attendant stepped back and closed the door. Then, for the first time he had seen a child, he kissed the beach that resembled jury boxes on either hand of him. Whitfield was then led forward by Pryor Ames and placed in a chair immediately in front of the judge. It was evident that he was about to undergo a form of trial of some sort. Nor would any one to look at the prisoner have doubted his guilt.

A dark seal-skin cap was pulled doggedly down to his shaggy brows, while his small eyes, emitting a baleful light from their green-ish depths, glowered with impotent fury upon everything about him.

As soon as silence was restored, Malvern Cushing rose to his feet and his clear voice rang like the notes of a clarion through the room.

"Men and brethren, this man stands before me accused by authorities from amongst you of treason against our fraternal order. The charge has been laid before me, and some of you are aware at least of the general drift of them. We are each of us wearied with travel and anxiety. Has not cause sufficient appeared why the accused should be returned in custody until he can be brought before us all assembled on to-morrow or the following day to hear evidence whether or not he be guilty of the things laid to his charge?"

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"Malvern Cushing gave a quick start at this, and looked quickly up at Miles Gay. The countenance of the latter was as pale as death, but neither spoke until the latter was requested to resume his testimony.

He then went on to state how, after feigning submission and acquiescence long enough to obtain all necessary proofs against Whitfield, he had availed himself of the secret power which had been committed to him by his chief, or third in authority amongst the band, to send out a messenger and bring back a delegated command to stop the marriage and all further proceedings until the prisoner should appear before their tribunal, as now.

Miles Gay was then minutely cross-questioned by a man selected by Whitfield to defend his case; but the responses of the former were clear and unerring and pointedly conclusive.

Miles Jones was then called and declared that having promised to obey Whitfield in the absence of Cushing, as their defacto chief, and carry out his commands, no matter of what nature they might be, he too had received a written promise of reward. He then showed a paper in which he was promised ten thousand dollars in sixty days after his, Whitfield's marriage.

All these minute questions and answers had occupied the greater part of the day, and late in the evening the prisoner was summoned.

The latter for once in her life was stammering and confused, until Malvern Cushing looked at her sharply, with awakening suspicion in his fatal eye, when she looked

For Love's Sake Only.

By the Author of "Her Own Fault," "How Nellie Lost Her Chance," "Katherine's Mistake," &c. &c.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The upper story consists of three rooms—the sitting-room, looking out both back and front; her brother's room, on the other side of the lobby, looking to the front of the house; and the dark and stifling den of Hugh's, and in this dark den Rosamond again to the kitchen.

It is quite a flight of advancement to her—this dismal, musty little passenage. It is utterly unlike everything to which she has been accustomed. Never in her life hardly lighted a fire, and the mere sight of the grate makes the dear fog on a pleasure to her now. There are sticks and fuel enough already in the old-fashioned brass grate, and matches on the shelf above, so a ghostly blaze is soon crackling up the chimney, and a fussy little kettle making up its mind to sing in the midst of the blaze.

A visit to the larder is Rosamond's next concern. Her expectations are becoming exciting. An hour ago she contemplated only a morning what-she-will-come upon of a Columbus as a Sunday. She only hopes she will not find a rat, or a mouse in the dark little store-room, with its dim, dusty, musty wood window, long tonight into the midst of the tiniest hedge at the back of the house.

There are no rats or mice visible, at all events. With a half-smiling, half-pitiful face Rosamond surveys the meagre provision of the cupboard, with which she intends to do by-and-by. Beds an old dressing gown of Hugh's, and in this garb descends again to the kitchen.

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"What's in the second dish?" he inquires. "It smells very good—very."

"Fricasseed turkey," she announces, proudly.

"Fricasseed turkey, and fried beans, and toast, and cold pie! Why, we've got no end of a spread. Ross mia! I think I was wise to send for you!"

"You were not wise in your own arrangements, certainly. What on earth did you fill every cup in the house with cold tea for?"

"That's the way I managed," he says, deprecatingly; "it was such a bother making tea twice a day. I made it generally every second day, and poured out enough to last me three or four times."

"What a delightful idea, and how economical! No wonder you are on this at a fishing-rod and so pale as a ghost."

"As I, though?" he asks, looking down on her half pitifully.

"Indeed you are. It's time I came to look after you."

"I think it is," he answers, smiling gravely. "But I'm afraid you will not be able to endure the life here, Rosamond. It was selfish of me to ask you to come."

"I should never have forgiven you if you had not. I can be of some use to the world for once in my life. But, oh, Hugh, why didn't you marry—"

"Hush, Rosamond!" he interrupts, with outstretched hands. "You know I abhor every one on that subject. Come, give me my tea."

CHAPTER III.

Next morning Rosamond again goes with her brother as far as the green door. Here he has to leave arrived, and wears a pretty dress of dark blue serge, with a light-blue cravat. She has given him breakfast comfortably, and mended his gloves, and laughingly watched him clean his cane.

"I suppose you'll be out all day?" she in quires a little wistfully.

"Most of the day, dear. There is a good deal of sickness in the parish—there always is at this time of year, they say. But I will be back as soon as I can. They asked me to dine at Lyon Royal, but I told them you were coming. In any case I don't think I should have gone there this evening."

"Who lives at Lyon Royal, Hugh?" Her sharp sisterly eyes fancy they have found a clue to her brother's want of spirits.

"The Lyons—Mr. Lyon, and his mother, Lady Katherine."

"Oh, rich people?" "Very rich."

"I did not think you had any gentry down here," she remarks.

He laughs at her.

"What did you think we had? Savages?" Miss Carlisle does not answer—she is thinking.

"Where is Lyon Royal? I mean, in what direction does it lie?"

"Westward, about a mile from this—indeed scarcely so much. In fact, we are on the Lyon Royal demesne, though the house itself is nearly a mile away."

"Are they nice people?" inquires Rosamond.

"Very nice. Saxon Lyon is a very pleasant young fellow."

"Married?" interrogates the young girl.

"No, not married; but you need not set your cap at him, Ross mouse. It would not do to have it said I, or you here for that," Hugh says, half in earnest.

"Nonsense! But has he any sisters?"

"This is a leading question, but Hugh does not flinch.

"He has two sisters."

"Married?"

"One of them is married; she is at Lyon Royal now with her children."

"And the other?"

"The other is there too."

Rosamond Carlisle is baffled. But she backs back again.

"And you like those people, Hugh? That must be nice for you."

"Oh, yes! I like them very well—what I have seen of them. It is not their fault indeed that I don't spend most of my time there. But I must be off, Rosamond. To morrow I shall have time to take you about a little, I hope, and show you all that is to be seen. Lyon Royal is the show place down here, but I won't take you there till the Lyons come to call upon you."

"I hope they won't come to call upon me," says Rosamond. "I shouldn't like to receive them in that room up-stairs."

"I should not be unpardonable rudeness if they did not!" Hugh exclaims austerly.

"I don't care about that," says his sister. "I don't want to see them here."

"But you will have to," "If they do not call. I shall never go to Lyon Royal again."

"Dear Hugh, you are a clergyman, and must visit everywhere. But I suppose they will come, though I wish it were not necessary. However, I shall be ready by that time to receive them."

"Don't mind the room, Rosamond. What does it matter about it?"

"A great deal," answers Rosamond. You don't understand that kind of feeling, but every woman likes to have a pretty room to receive her visitors in. However I will receive them in the kitchen if you like—and indeed I would rather see them there than in that musty little room up stairs. But don't bother your head about it, dear. Perhaps I shall really be not when they come. If they ever do come. Shall we dine at six?"

"Six will be a good hour. But I must send Mrs. Stamp to you.

"No, do not," opposes Rosamond. "I am sure I should like her. I will get a person for myself in the village. For the present I can manage very well without any one."

"I don't like to work so hard," Hugh says.

"I am not working hard," declares his sister. "It amuses me. If I had nothing todo here I could not stay. I should mope dreadfully."

When he is gone, she makes a tour of her small territory. The garden she reserves for a future occasion. To-day she will try what she can do with the sitting-room.

The first thing she does with it is to open the two windows wide and let a draught pass through the room. The fresh air and sunshine help to dispel the musty feeling, and the sight of the green wood she sees blazing in the little rusted grate finishes the process. There is a reddish-brown carpet on the floor, there are red-brown curtains in the two low wide-silled windows, there is a large table in the middle of the floor, with a plaid cloth upon it and a big china bowl. There are some prints belonging to Hugh in a case against the wall, a bookshelf suspended, and a roll of chintz he has brought with him from London but has never had made up. The chairs are queer and old-fashioned, as it also the cabinet opposite to the door; but she love, old-fashioned chimney-piece in the quaintest thing of all. Rosamond resolves to put a board upon it, and cover it with velvet and fringe. She also resolves to put chintz cushions on the wide low window-sills, to push the table into a corner, and to fill the bowl with pink and white asters. She unpacks the prints, and deliberates as to their hanging, but will not put them up till Hugh comes back. They are good prints, in simple good frames—prints from Any Schaefer and Dow and one or two others, and they will be a great improvement to the bare discomposed walls. Then the small fire completes the aspect of the room finely.

She draws herself in to the door the finished result and surveys it with pride. She has spent the whole morning at it, and has not thought of the time. Hugh will be home to dinner at six, and it is now half-past five. She must go back to a farm-house standing among crowding elms and beeches, with a few small cottages about it, picturesque little enough glinting here and there under the caves, and a grassy walk running close to the wall. It is not the front of the house, for no door is visible, nor the back, for that faces the four at the back. The house has a double gable-end, and a path leads through the trees round to the road. The trees are full of great nests, and the cawing more and better above the modesty among them, and for a long time. The wooden shoe lives in that quiet place. There seems to be no stir about it except the stir of the rooks—no sound of machinery, no sense of thronging or pressure of workmen; and it is a large building often, with many roofs of outbuildings and a high chimney as of an engine-house, and other signs of part if not present prosperity.

But her curiosity about it is important in the face of more tangible interests. She must look over Hugh's wardrobe, and supply missing buttons, and repair neglected cuffs, and mend his frayed boots—and this and a hundred other duties fully allow before it is time to see about getting dinner. So the day passes, and at four o'clock she makes herself some tea.

I wonder what point there was in the old-fashioned piano, and when the mill was sewed, and the tailor's, she means, as she pours out her tea and puts cream and sugar into it.

She is just in the act of raising the cup to her lips there is a tremendous knock at the green door. She sets down the tea regretfully.

"I think I'll let them stay there, whoever they are," is her first impulse. But on second thought she decides that it may be the postman, or baker—and she cannot afford to dispense with either. So she runs out and opens the green door, just as she is, with her dress turned up, and her sleeves rolled, and a muslin tied over head—she was dusting out the pantry-shelves prior to making tea.

A lady stands at the door—another lady sits in a donkey-cart in the middle of the road. A little country-boy stands at the donkey's head, and three beautiful children look out of the cropdon to whip the donkey or to stroke his nose. The lady is in a blue habit, and dressed in dark blue silk; the lady and all the children in the croydon are fair and wear jackets of white fur.

Rosamond's training does not divert her in this emergency. She receives Miss Lyon and Lady Freer as one y as if she were receiving them at her aunt's house in Belgravia. They go into the house and up to the sitting-room together, leaving the children on in the road, with many injunctions to them to be very good, and not to beat the donkey or the donkey boy.

"What a funny little place this is!" Miss Lyon says, looking round her curiously. "I never was in here before. How low the rooms are! And, oh, Agatha, what a staircase! How do you manage to exist in such a little box?" addressed Rosamond.

"I have had room enough in it so far," Miss Carlisle answers, shutting the windows and putting a log on the fire. "I should not be able to take care of it if it were much larger."

"Don't you find it very lonely?" inquires Miss Lyon.

"Not when I had time to feel lonely. I arrived only last evening."

"Ah, yes—so Miss Carlisle told us!"

Rosamond looks at Miss Lyon. There is no consciousness in that pale face, with its small piquant features and clever dark eyes; nor is it the kind of face Hugh would be likely to fancy. Lady Freer is much pleasanter, fair and cool-tempered looking, and more lazy, or else less inclined to criticise.

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Rosamond Carlisle is baffled. But she backs back again.

"And you like those people, Hugh? That must be nice for you."

"Oh, yes! I like them very well—what I have seen of them. It is not their fault indeed that I don't spend most of my time there. But I must be off, Rosamond. To morrow I shall have time to take you about a little, I hope, and show you all that is to be seen. Lyon Royal is the show place down here, but I won't take you there till the Lyons come to call upon you."

"I hope they won't come to call upon me," says Rosamond. "I shouldn't like to receive them in that room up-stairs."

"I should not be unpardonable rudeness if they did not!" Hugh exclaims austerly.

"I don't care about that," says his sister. "I don't want to see them here."

"But you will have to," "If they do not call. I shall never go to Lyon Royal again."

"Dear Hugh, you are a clergyman, and must visit everywhere. But I suppose they will come, though I wish it were not necessary. However, I shall be ready by that time to receive them."

"Don't mind the room, Rosamond. What does it matter about it?"

"A great deal," answers Rosamond. You don't understand that kind of feeling, but every woman likes to have a pretty room to receive her visitors in. However I will receive them in the kitchen if you like—and indeed I would rather see them there than in that musty little room up stairs. But don't bother your head about it, dear. Perhaps I shall really be not when they come. If they ever do come. Shall we dine at six?"

"Six will be a good hour. But I must send Mrs. Stamp to you.

"No, do not," opposes Rosamond. "I am sure I should like her. I will get a person for myself in the village. For the present I can manage very well without any one."

"I don't like to work so hard," Hugh says.

"I am not working hard," declares his sister. "It amuses me. If I had nothing todo here I could not stay. I should mope dreadfully."

When he is gone, she makes a tour of her small territory. The garden she reserves for a future occasion. To-day she will try what she can do with the sitting-room.

The first thing she does with it is to open the two windows wide and let a draught pass through the room. The fresh air and sunshine help to dispel the musty feeling, and the sight of the green wood she sees blazing in the little rusted grate finishes the process. There is a reddish-brown carpet on the floor, there are red-brown curtains in the two low wide-silled windows, there is a large table in the middle of the floor, with a plaid cloth upon it and a big china bowl. There are some prints belonging to Hugh in a case against the wall, a bookshelf suspended, and a roll of chintz he has brought with him from London but has never had made up. The chairs are queer and old-fashioned, as it also the cabinet opposite to the door; but she love, old-fashioned chimney-piece in the quaintest thing of all. Rosamond resolves to put a board upon it, and cover it with velvet and fringe. She also resolves to put chintz cushions on the wide low window-sills, to push the table into a corner, and to fill the bowl with pink and white asters. She unpacks the prints, and deliberates as to their hanging, but will not put them up till Hugh comes back. They are good prints, in simple good frames—prints from Any Schaefer and Dow and one or two others, and they will be a great improvement to the bare discomposed walls. Then the small fire completes the aspect of the room finely.

She draws herself in to the door the finished result and surveys it with pride. She has spent the whole morning at it, and has not thought of the time. Hugh will be home to dinner at six, and it is now half-past five. She must go back to a farm-house standing among crowding elms and beeches, with a few small cottages about it, picturesque little enough glinting here and there under the caves, and a grassy walk running close to the wall. It is not the front of the house, for no door is visible, nor the back, for that faces the four at the back. The house has a double gable-end, and a path leads through the trees round to the road. The trees are full of great nests, and the cawing more and better above the modesty among them, and for a long time. The wooden shoe lives in that quiet place. There seems to be no stir about it except the stir of the rooks—no sound of machinery, no sense of thronging or pressure of workmen; and it is a large building often, with many roofs of outbuildings and a high chimney as of an engine-house, and other signs of part if not present prosperity.

But her curiosity about it is important in the face of more tangible interests. She must look over Hugh's wardrobe, and supply missing buttons, and repair neglected cuffs, and mend his frayed boots—and this and a hundred other duties fully allow before it is time to see about getting dinner. So the day passes, and at four o'clock she makes herself some tea.

I wonder what point there was in the old-fashioned piano, and when the mill was sewed, and the tailor's, she means, as she pours out her tea and puts cream and sugar into it.

She is just in the act of raising the cup to her lips there is a tremendous knock at the green door. She sets down the tea regretfully.

"I think I'll let them stay there, whoever they are," is her first impulse. But on second thought she decides that it may be the postman, or baker—and she cannot afford to dispense with either. So she runs out and opens the green door, just as she is, with her dress turned up, and her sleeves rolled, and a muslin tied over head—she was dusting out the pantry-shelves prior to making tea.

A lady stands at the door—another lady sits in a donkey-cart in the middle of the road. A little country-boy stands at the donkey's head, and three beautiful children look out of the croydon to whip the donkey or to stroke his nose. The lady is in a blue habit, and dressed in dark blue silk; the lady and all the children in the croydon are fair and wear jackets of white fur.

Rosamond's training does not divert her in this emergency. She receives Miss Lyon and Lady Freer as one y as if she were receiving them at her aunt's house in Belgravia. They go into the house and up to the sitting-room together, leaving the children on in the road, with many injunctions to them to be very good, and not to beat the donkey or the donkey boy

NED HAWLEY'S FORTUNES.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

In a cozy little white house far away from the busy whirl of the great city, John Hawley lived with his wife, Sarah, and their only child Edwin. John was a hard-working farmer on Mr. Gitsmore's large plantation. He was well paid, and had a house given him free of rent which enabled him to live quite comfortably.

Sarah, the wife and mother, was an industrious little body, but of late years she had suffered somewhat from ill-health. She was a neat, economical housekeeper, and, at odd times, turned an honest penny by taking in sewing from the neighbors whenever they had anything for her to do.

Edwin went to school. He was a fine, promising lad of fourteen years, well-grown and muscular. Fortunately he possessed a careful mother, or he had her rain become a thoroughly good and amiable boy.

The school to which he went was taught by Mr. North, a young man of fine attainments, who, finding the boy had genius, interested himself quite upon his culture. Edwin made rapid progress in all his studies, and gave promise of making an excellent scholar, when, much to Mr. North's regret, he was obliged to leave the school to labor on the farm with his father.

"I don't want the boy to grow any older without knowing how to earn his bread," John said to his wife one day in May, while his dinner basket packed, was going off. "The lad has more learning, now, than I ever had, or than will ever do him any good, while all this time he might be earning a couple of dollars a week."

"Just as you see proper, John," said Sarah, "I would like him to get an education, but if we can't afford it, he must go to work, that is all."

A week from this time, Ned accompanied his father every morning to the farm. It was a great change for the lad, who had somehow hope of a different life, but like a good boy he obeyed the will of his father, casting aside all vain regrets, and, setting himself to work in good earnest, he soon became reconciled to his new condition.

Alas! how little we know what the future has in store for us. One short month passed, and Ned was a fatherless boy. John was thrown from a horse, and was injured so much that he died in a few days.

Sarah bored her husband dearly, for he was kind and good to her, and her heart was very sad over her bereavement; but poor people have little time to indulge in grief. The boy and herself had to live, and had nothing but their own hands to provide for them. Like a sensible woman, she at once set herself to work to discover what would be the best plan to pursue.

Sarah was a hopeful person, always able to see a silver lining to the darkest cloud. She had a sister living in the city, and hoping that her boy's fortune would be better on the seacoast by procuring him a situation in a store, where he might earn a livelihood, she wrote to her for advice, and received in return a hearty invitation to come to town, and see what could be done.

Sarah packed up all her slender possessions and left her home, where she had lived so many years, with a heart full of sorrow. The house now belonged to the man who had taken John's place at the farm, and it was no longer a home for her.

The widow in whose house she went, was as poor as herself, and earned a scanty living by sewing on coarse shirts for the stores. Sarah now commenced anew her work with the needle. There were plenty of employment, but very poor pay, and although they labored hard, even into the late hours of the night, they barely earned enough to keep the wolf from the door.

As to poor Ned, he was a burden to them.

Sarah tried in vain to get him a situation where he might earn enough money to support himself. She could, it is true, find places, but no remuneration, and the boy's aunt was willing to give up the idea, having learned, by bitter experience, that there is no desert more devoid of sympathy than the crowded streets of a great city.

Misfortune followed fast and thick upon them. The sister fell sick through constant application to work, and all Sarah's time was occupied in nursing her. At length her situation became known to some benevolent ladies, who had the sick woman removed to the hospital, and supplied Sarah with work that paid her better than that she had been employed on before. Still it was with the greatest difficulty she could keep a roof over her head.

Ned went out in the streets, day by day, and sometimes was fortunate enough to pick up little jobs by which he earned a small sum, and kept his eyes about him, and, if he did not succeed, it was not for want of trying.

One day, as he was thus looking around, his attention was attracted by a gentleman who passed him holding a well-filled pocket-book in his hand.

"Ah!" thought Ned, "how happy the possession of so much money would make me. Poor mother should not then work so hard, and—" Here he was interrupted in his thoughts by seeing the gentleman, after a vain attempt to convey the treasure to his pocket, let it fall to the ground.

Ned immediately ran with all his might, and was fortunate enough to pick up the pocket-book and return it to its owner ere he was outside of his ken.

Although a boy was poor, he was strictly honest, and not even the shadow of a thought of keeping the treasure crossed his mind, but his eyes beamed with pleasure as he noted with what gratitude the gentleman received the book as he exclaimed: "Bless my soul, boy! If I had lost that money I should have been ruined!"

As Ned was darting away again, "Hallo! young man!" cried the gentleman, and he handed him a five dollar note. "That," continued he, "is intended as an earnest of what I will do for you, if you call in my office any time tomorrow, No. 197 Arnest street, and inquire for Mr. Harvey."

Ned was too poor to dawdle about receiving money, although he knew he had only done what was right, and should not be paid for it. He had no intention of applying for more, as he did not change his memory with Mr. Harvey's address, and speedily forgot it.

That night Ned had no more work for the day that day. Overjoyed at the possession of this, to him, large sum, he speedily appeared before his mother, and, giving her the money, told her how he had found the owner of it.

"Now," said the eager boy, "with a treble of this money I can buy a box with blacking and brushes, which will enable me to make enough to live on. Hurrah! mother, good times are coming again!"

What this, early every morning Ned could be seen plying his trade of "Shine 'em up." His open, manly countenance, polite and speedy attention, and bright, shining face, that many passing feet were attracted to his stand. He was busy from morning till night, earning twice that to eat a hearty meal.

From this time the widow's fortune began to amend. In early life she had learned the trade of dress maker. The ladies who had taken an interest in her before, now procured her employment at this business. She was neat and skillful, and soon had more work offered to her than one pair of hands could do. Then she was enabled to hire help, and she was soon out of all her difficulties.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAVED BY A DREAM.

BY E. A.

Dreams, which are fantastically strange, at times possess the prescient power. There are many wonderful instances of this on record. The following I will now relate in a case in point.

A good many years ago a farmer, named Silas Austin, living in a rather wild and thinly populated region, sold out his possessions in the latter part of the winter for four hundred pounds. The deed was duly executed, and the amount paid in specie, with a verbal agreement that he should not be required to remove his family before the first of the ensuing April. He deposited the money for safe keeping in the bed he slept on, and soon after set out on a journey with a view of making another purchase.

"I shall be so lonely with our two little children!" said his wife, "and then if anything should happen!"

"Pshaw!" he replied; "what do you fear?"

"I don't know," she sighed; "I feel timid; I fear something will go wrong. I'm somehow afraid I shall never see you again."

"Nonsense, Hannah."

"And then, Silas, you know we have so much money in the house!"

"Ay, that's it!" he returned with a laugh. "Poor people walk boldly through the dark places, and sleep soundly with open doors; but the moment they get a little money they become as timid as hares, and think robbers are nestling them everywhere. Now, you see, my dear," he added, "if he talk, because I shan't have the money with me, and you because nobody'll know you've got it."

"There are persons who know you've received it and haven't spent it," she rejoined.

"The less that's bought the place, of course."

"Ye, and others."

"Neighbors, perhaps; but you don't fear them, Hannah?"

"I don't know what I fear, Silas; I feel strangely uneasy, and that's the truth."

"Well, my dear," returned her husband, "this is nothing but a whim; and if I remain at home for a whim we'll soon be without a place to put our heads in. I must go and seek out another farm—you know the necessity for it as well as I do; but I'll not be long away, whether I succeed or not—not more than two or three weeks at the most."

This decided, Mr. Austin took leave of his wife and children, the latter, two little boys of four and six. He went away, apparently with a light heart, that his wife might not be further depressed; but in reality, as he afterwards confessed, he felt a good deal of secret uneasiness. This increased, rather than diminished, the further he went, and when he reached the place where he was to take the train he found himself so much influenced by a strange, mysterious dread of evil that he required all his resolution to support his resolution to continue his journey.

Determined not to be turned by a chimerical idea he paid his fare for a hundred miles, and went off in the first train.

On reaching his first destination he went to bed, and being excessively fatigued, almost immediately fell asleep.

He had not been asleep in the middle of the night with a kind of start, or shock, as if something strange had touched him, and he experienced that peculiar sensation of dread and fear which is the result of nervous terror, a fearful dream that cannot be remembered, but which seems to have impressed its disagreeable effects upon the dreamer.

For a time, as is often the case when awaking in a strange place, he was quite bewildered, and could not recollect where he was, nor how he came there; but as soon as all became clear to him his mind reverted to his wife and children, and he felt such an indescribable yearning for home that he half resolved to take the first train back.

But while pondering on this matter he gradually fell asleep again, and this time dreamed that he saw his own house, dimly shadowed forth in the thick, mysterious gloom of night, and that while he looked upon it such a strange dread of something evil fell on his spirit as he cannot offer to describe when speaking of it as he cannot offer to describe when speaking of it as suspended over some dark abyss.

Then he thought something moved him through the air, as a ghost would move without motion or volition of his own, till he suddenly found himself in the bed room of his wife, who was there asleep with the two children. He fancied that he wanted to wake her, and tell that something dreadful was going to happen; but though he tried to go to her he found he could not stir, and his efforts to call out his voice were thwarted in the same agonizing silence. Then he heard the ominous sounds of stealthy feet approach, and he knew that robbers were creeping in upon her—robbers in disguise—robbers with faces painted black—and still he could not move, could not scream out, could not wake and warn his dear wife and children of impending death.

Then he was terrified to find himself as if the very air he breathed was impregnated with crime, which it made thick and stifling, and it choked him. The steps came nearer; they stopped at the door; there was the noise of a key turned in the lock, and then the door swung slowly back and disclosed two black faces, looking unearthly and demoniac in the pale, livid, ghastly light. He thought he knew they looked thus before he saw them; but, for all that, the sight of them made him shudder and grow faint. They advanced noiselessly—they drew near the bed of the innocent sleepers—and, in the next moment, the scene of eternity of tortures was compressed in the bosom of that fond husband and father, who was compelled to remain motionless and silent as he saw them prepare to slay all that he had on earth to love.

They reach the bed—they lean over it—they listen to the breathing of the sleepers—and then he saw their sable arms slowly uplift with deadly poise. One moment there—and then, as the knives flashed downward to break forth in one single wild, prolonged shriek of woe and terror, he—and Silas Austin found himself awake and trembling, and covered all over with a cold, clammy perspiration.

"Think Heaven!" he murmured, at length; "it was but a dream."

For more than an hour he lay awake—thinking over it, and congratulating himself that, after all, it was only a dream—the natural result of anxiety—and so hearty supper, and his own foolish fancies. Then he went to sleep again; but only to dream the same thing over again. He slept no more! the terrors of the night possessed him like a spirit; he felt, as he afterwards expressed it, as if the hand of heaven was turning him homewards.

The next morning, as soon as any one was astir, he dressed himself and went out. At the earliest possible moment he purchased a brace of pistols, powder and balls, loaded his weapons, putting two bullets in each, secured them about his person, and took the first train back to his home.

His return was a happy surprise to his wife; but when she found he staggered into her dwelling, and, throwing himself into a chair, burst into a loud, shrieking fit of hysterical laughter, she was terrified to the utmost degree.

"There is nothing the matter with us, my dear, Hannah," cried he, at length, any long hard ride," he said, "and the coolness you are all well here?"

"Oh, yes Silas, very well."

"Heavens be praised!" he rejoined; "for I've had two such painful dreams about you that I've almost afraid to come home."

What with talking and eating, for he had scarcely tasted a morsel through the day, it was long after midnight when he retired to rest. His had just begun to fall to sleep when he heard a light, rasping sound.

At first he took no notice of it, but when it at length ceased entirely, and was soon after followed by a noise like the slow and guarded raising of a window, the truth suddenly flashed upon him, and his whole nervous system received a heavy shock.

He sprung up in bed, wide awake, with a feeling of the most terror, not unlike what he had experienced in his dreams. He listened intently. The sound of the raising window had ceased, and he fancied he heard some one creeping through it, and speaking to some one else in a guarded whisper.

Then it was he heard the stealthy steps as in his dream, the same gentle fearing back of the door, and the dreary feeling behind the human figures with black faces, each with a long, gleaming knife in his hand, gliding towards his sleeping wife.

Suddenly, with a pistol in each hand, the apparition of the husband rose up before their astonished gaze, the last earthly sight they were ever to look upon. Before they had time to recover there was a bright flash, a crashing report, and both men fell dead on the floor, with two bullets lodged in the breast of each.

We pass over the wild fearful scene that followed as the wife and children sprung up with screams of agony. In ten minutes the two robbers were dead.

On washing the paint from their faces, they proved to be Mr. Austin's neighbors, who had come to kill his wife and children, and get the money that they believed to be in the dwelling. He had been warned by a dream, his family saved, and the villains punished.

JAPANESE FANS.

It was a very matter-of fact and incomplete description which Dr. Johnson gave when he said that the fan was "an instrument used by ladies to move the air and cool themselves." A fresh opinion is presented in the form of a book, wrote, "The fan of the belle is the sceptre of the world."

According to Addison, "Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do as much execution with the one as the other." In a paper in the Spectator this writer gives an account of an academy in which the use of the fan is taught, ladies being there shown the way to handle, disshadow, ground, and flutter their fans in the most effective style. "In the flutter of a fan," he observes, "there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter." As for angry fans, "I have seen," he adds, "a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it."

We may not be so skillful as our great-grandmothers of the days of Queen Anne, but much may yet be accomplished by means of the study combined with frequent practice. In the hands of an adept, the fan, by peculiar movements, can undoubtedly be made to express love, hatred, disdain, fear, fury, and countless other emotions. If any one wishes to see fan flirtation and fan telegraphy elaborated into a system, let him resolve for a while in Spain, or in one of the Spanish colonies. Then, if accompanied by some dark-eyed beauty; why, she is, at one and the same time, by the gracious movements of her fan, telegraphing to her friends, and telegraphing to a friend at the far-away end of the room, "I shall be very glad to see you at such-and-such a place at such-and-such a time."

A history of fans—if an historian could be found who would undertake the task—is curious reading. The first pace would take us back to the early ages of the world, when a primitive race fanned itself with the wings of birds, and, in breeze, by means of a few lotus or palm leaves. Upwards of 3,000 years ago the artists of ancient Egypt painted fans on the walls of the tombs at Thebes.

The folding fan was an early invention of the Japanese, who have always been famed for their skill in its manufacture. Adopted in China, it was brought from that country into Portugal during the fifteenth century; in the next century it was in general use in Portugal, Spain, and Italy. From Spain it found its way, in the sixteenth century, into France, with the Italian perfumers in the suite of Catherine de Medici. Soon it became fashionable at court, and no belief was thought complete without a fan. Fans often sold in Paris for as much from £12 to £15 sterling. France took kindly to fans, and devoted much artistic skill to their manufacture. The dress in of a lady's fan is now a distinct trade in Paris, and in no other city does a modern fan command a higher price.

In England fans were used by the ladies in the reign of Henry VIII., and are said to have been introduced in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when in all the glory of full dress, were a fan as part of her sumptuous attire.

The fan, in fact, has always known to us from the East, the home of wonders; and the folding fan, in particular, is the Japanese invention. Even to this day the fan forms the integral portion of the national costume of Japan, and his existence is entailed in the same light as that country. When two Europeans meet they lift their hats by way of salutation; the Japanese meet each other with appropriate use of their fans. It is on his fan that the rich man says the sins he gives to the poor, and on his fan that he receives the donation which he regales himself. The Japanese younger lovers in general treat the misdemeanor of his fan as an instrument of punishment. The beauty hides her smiles behind the fan, and to see a troupe of Japanese girls dance a fan dance is something worth remembering.

An almost fabulous number of fans are exported from Japan to all parts of the world—no fewer than 3,000,000 fans, valued at £90,000 were, according to Consul Annesley's consular report on Hiogo and Osaka trade, particularly shipped from those ports in 1875.

Besides the fans made in the city for the manufacturers of the "ogi," or folding fans, which are almost exclusively those exported, all description of fans are in this kind being made there. The figures, writing, etc., being executed in Kiyoto. The principle of division of labor is carried out to a high degree in the branch of industry. The bamboo ribs of the fans are made by private people in their own houses, and sold ready for the fan painters' notches cut in the lower part are left to one of the finishing workmen, by whom the silk or paper is stuck on the handles according to plans prepared by the designer. In like manner the designer gives out to the painters the parts of the fan which he thinks will be saleable; and, when the sticks have been cut, decides what colors are to be used for each part and what kind and what different sheets are to be used for the opposite sides of each fan.

When these sheets, with the sets of bamboo slips which are to form the ribs, have been handed over to the painter, he, in the first instance, folds them so that they will retain the crease. This is done by putting them between two pieces of boards, and by pressing them properly creased. The fans are then folded up together, and pressed in a screw press.

When sufficient time has elapsed the sheets are taken out, and the morsels used again; the creased fans having also been packed up for at least twenty-four hours in their folds. The ribs, which are temporarily arranged in order on a screen, are then taken and set in theirs places on one of the sheets, after it has been spread out on a block and pasted. A dash of paste then gives the second sheet sufficient secure, and that part of the process is finished by affixing the remaining piece of paper. The fan is folded up and opened three or four times to before the folds get into proper shape, and by the time it is ready for sale it has undergone a amount of handling which Japanese paper alone would endure. When the insides are dry the finishing of the pieces together—including the other covering—is rapidly done, and a dash of vermilion quickly finishes the fan.

The sale of fans in the olden time in Japan seldom exceeds ¥10,000 for the whole country; times have changed, however, for the foreigner does not fear them, and the old days of seclusion and limited trade are over. The number of fans ordered for the Philadelphia Exhibition will probably reach 1,000,000, at a cost of about £60,000.

The passion for the introduction of Japanese fans are manifested in very many directions, and always distinguishing the productions of European art. One peculiarity of the art of Japan is that it is always in a state of change. If a Japanese artist has any desire to adorn, he does not seek out the centre and place his ornament there, but considers what would be the most effective means of counting proportion, it would be multiplied in many parts. A study of nature, where proportion is rather exaggerated than actually expressed. We find, therefore, that the Japanese artist, imitating the ways of nature, throws his design a little out of proportion, and, as a result, we find in the spectator is judged of the result by an association of impressions similarly derived. The firm touch and accuracy of Japanese artists are quite remarkable. In one work of art, entitled the spirit of fun indulged in by the artist whenever he has the chance. The fun is the exaggeration of the parts of the people. They are always laughing, and always ready to crack a joke or to make one. But Japanese art, it must be remembered, is not what it once was. The intruding foreigner has made of late a deep impression upon it. In no world where there has probably never been such a thorough turning upside down of everything as that which is still going on in Japan. The control of it is that foreigners do not always bring civilization and culture; it is often the very reverse.

To speak of fans, instead of encouraging native designs, they have had their fans ornamented with advertisements of patent shoe-blacking and Manchester goods, all nothing to the Japanese designer but the choice of colors.

Japanese dancing girls are pretty, and are at all unintrusive young ladies. Here is a portrait of one of them, just sixteen years old, described in a late fan as A. B. Richmond. "She was neither too fat nor too thin, neither too tall nor too short; her face was oval like a melon seed, and her complexion fair and white; her eyes were narrow and bright; her teeth small and even; her nose was aquiline; and her mouth delicately formed. With lovely hair, her eye-brows were long and fine; she had a profusion of long black hair; she spoke modestly with a soft sweet voice, and when she smiled, two lovely dimples appeared in her cheeks in all her accomplishments and refined." Deck this beauty out in brave array, and give her fan in her hand, daintily tinted in white, blue, red, and covered with enigmatical ornaments; now, who would not fall in love with the narrow eyes and melon-seed face?

In China the rule of the fan is as important as it is in Japan. It is in general use among all classes of both sexes and women; the rich and the poor, priests, men of letters, and soldiers have it always in hand.

During very hot weather, the head of a Chinese household takes his fan after tea is drunk, and holding it in his hand he makes a bow to the company, saying, "Thsing-chen" (I invite you to make use of your fans). Every one then picks up his fan and replies it with much modesty and decorum.

JAMES MASON.

PECULIARITIES OF SAVAGE LIFE

The Tartars use dogs to carry packs; in the far north they do the chief work in pulling the sledges, though the Laplanders chiefly use the reindeer for that purpose. The Eskimo sledge-dogs are fine strong animals, nearly allied to the wolf and fox tribe. Lord Lyon has given some amusing hints about their management. The sledge-driver must never leave his sledge for a moment unsecured; if he is driven into the snow, or the dogs will perhaps start off of their own accord and distance all pursuit. Each dog must be harnessed by itself, and every team there is one master-dog, with a very determined will and strong sharp teeth; and that dog must be trained to fighting. He will dash in amongst them, and vigorously assist his master in keeping order. When a rough ice to be traversed, the dogs' paws are protected by little bags or moccasins of deerskin. They are soon fit for the day's work is over; and great care has to be taken that each gets his proper share, for "some are so desperately artful at this time that they do all in their power to delude their master into a belief that instead of having had their full allowance, they are in a state of starvation." Lapland sledge is different from the low flat Eskimo dog-sledge. It is a comfortable carriage, with a hood, and is drawn by the reindeer, which is used in the same way in Siberia, and also for riding and driving. Besides these, many countries summer sleds are used. One of the easiest to make is formed of a forked branch, with pieces of wood laid transversely, the whole or one side being harnessed to the animal's head. This is often used by the settler for dragging loads of all kinds about the ground.

One of the most remarkable features of uncivilized life is the great shadowy shadow of tracking men and beasts over immense distances. Many travelers have spoken of this as something almost miraculous; yet it is only the result of careful observation of certain well known signs; and we have here before us a collection of very common words hinting on the subject. In countries like ours every trace of foot-print or wheel track on roads and paths is soon obliterated or hopelessly confused: but it is otherwise in the wilderness, where neither man nor beast can proceed but by rule. In Kaffirland, when cattle are stolen, if their foot-prints are traced to a village, the headman is held responsible for them, and he will be taken every night, if possible. This alone will nearly cure. Take no narcotics to make you sleep. A few raw fresh eggs beaten up in the middle of the night, sometimes a stale biscuit will send you off to sleep again. A cheerful song, and a cheerful society, with wax bathing, are excellent agents for curing nervousness. Avoid physic—it exhausts more than it relieves. Avoid everything you would restore. Above all, keep up a good heart.

Relationship of Brain and Stomach

is a fact no one can deny. The eye connected that wondrous elastic link the sympathetic nerve, which communicates the abnormal sensations of the organ digestive to the brain. Hence, when the latter is disordered, the brain, being the great focal point of the nervous system, all the nerves are in some degree affected. Then the process of digestion is impaired direction, and that is usually produced by weak stomach and torpid liver. Hostetter's Bitters restores this and overcomes nervous debility by imparting increased energy into the operation of the organs of digestion, which stimulus also gives a beneficent tone: not only are the nerves vitalized but the entire organism acquires vigor and regularity.

Science has accomplished no more wonderful or gratifying result than the production of an antidote to the diseases of the throat and lungs, which is so unfailing that few fall the tracks of time, and recovery is the rule, not the exception. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry relieves from all fear, and in prompt remedy in the hands of a mother, and the presents of many Frauds and Spuriously Imitations, which are sold on the merits of this unrivaled remedy. The obliterating hand of time, which effaces the memory of so many things, has but deepened the gratitude with which the many cures it has effected are remembered by those who have used it. Such unambiguous changes cannot pass unnoticed, and the people, with unerring instinct, have learned that cure exists for the first and only article every time. Sold by druggists everywhere. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

If a change of climate is needed, try the only thing you would restore. Above all, keep up a good heart.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

The standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever. It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color. It restores the scalp to healthy action, and prevents it from becoming bald. It is the cheapest hair dressing in use.

Buckingham's Dye, For the Whiskers.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change gray whiskers to a perfect and beautiful brown or black, as may be desired. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and thoroughly produces the desired effect. It does not stain the skin nor soil the linen.

MANUFACTURED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

RUTA BAGA SEED.

The Rhodesdale stock of Ruta Baga is second unto none. It is all grown on new land, and is pure and true to name. Price per pound, 25 cents; per ounce, 3 cents; per package, 10 cents.

DOLLARS EACH

were awarded to specimens of Vegetable Fabrics shown by NATIVE FEEDING ROOTS. The only Vegetable Fabrics ever exhibited.

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PHILADELPHIA LOCAL COMMITTEE.

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No. 20 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.

65 LARGE MIXED CARDS, WITH name, 10c. Sample book of 40 styles, 10c. Agents' Cards, 10 cts. Sample case, $1. J. B. HUSTED & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, MERCURIAL, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT. PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR, CLEARS SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION RECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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Radway's Ready Relief.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND RELIEVE MORE SUFFERING, THAN ANY OTHER KNOWN REMEDY. NOT ONE HUNDREDTH PART OF THE PAIN AND SUFFERING CAUSED BY THE FIRST ATTACK OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDREDTH PART OF THE SUFFERING CAUSED BY OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN FLIES. IT IS A SYSTEM CAUSE, CEASE TO EXIST.

In old chronic cases, pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Hollow Cough, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Hemorrhoids, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or with Dysentery, or with Colic, Spasms, or Stomach, or Bowels, or with Sleeplessness, Nervousness, or Nervous Headache, or with Fits, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure, the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists or send to DR. RADWAY & CO. 32 Warren Street, New York.

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,

EDITED AND REVISED, BY

By Mrs. Moore.

SECOND REVISED EDITION.

In March 1873 there appeared in Lippincott's Magazine a paper entitled "Unsettled Points of Etiquette." In the editor's table of contents of that number, treating as it does upon topics that belong to a daughter's home education," such as presents to parties before bed time, the number of times a gentleman may dance, behavior to parties, relatives, gentlemen, teachers, friends, and to domestics; conduct at public places; female accompanied by dinner and evening parties; ceremonious and friendly visits; conversation and social culture." The following notice of the book is taken from a review of it that appeared in the New York Home Journal:

"The author of 'Unsettled Points of Etiquette' deserves the thanks of all those who are interested in the instruction of the young in good morals, manners and health, by her editorial labors in bringing out a new edition of the Young Lady's Friend. This work has been out of print for some years, its first publication dating back to 1837, when it was written by a lady of Cambridge and was held in high esteem in its day. Except for a trace here and there of the spirit of the times in which distinguished the earlier stages of Boston and New England society, and which gave a refined coloring to the whole social life of the regime of Young America, especially in the latitude of New York, the book might be taken as a model of good taste, and of the best principles of transition period, and this book, with its strong conservatism and firm reliance on the forms and faithful use of the old rules, will be found a useful companion of college, is made one to commend to its use.

Buckingham's Dye, For the Whiskers.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change gray whiskers to a perfect and beautiful brown or black, as may be desired. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and thoroughly produces the desired effect. It does not stain the skin nor soil the linen.

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DRESS GOODS.

VERY THIN AND COOL.

BLACK LACE SACQUES

AS LOW AS 6d.

FORMERLY SOLD AT 9s6.

Better Grades—2s.6d, 3s, 3s.6d, 4s, 4s.6d, 5s, 6s, 7s.6d, 8s, 10s, 12s.6d.

NEW INVOICE

LADIES' LINEN ULSTERS

BEAUTIFUL

LAWN SUITS,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

We are selling these goods to our own desk, and the prices are so low that they will not last long. The cloth is of the finest quality, and the trimming is rich and elegant. Any one wishing to order should send at once. Goods sent C.O.D. if desired. Send for illustrated catalogue. Goods sent free of charge to any part of the country. Send for Samples and Circulars.

THE MASTERS OF

DRESS MATERIALS,
READY MADE SUITINGS,
WOOLLEN GOODS,
TRAVELLING RUGS,
TRIMMINGS, RIBBONS, &c.

NEW MAKE UNDERWEAR,
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTING,
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

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THIRTEENTH STREET.

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CASH DISTRIBUTION CO.

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On AUGUST 30th, 1877,

or Money will be Refunded.

310,000 CASH IN PRIZES.

PARTIES DESIRING TO SECURE TICKETS

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

Only 10,000 Tickets at $10 Each.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Cash Prize	of	$100,000
1 Cash Prize	of	50,000
1 Cash Prize	of	25,000
1 Cash Prize	of	10,000
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10 Cash Prizes	of	1,000
100 Cash Prizes	of	500
200 Cash Prizes	of	250
9,676 Cash Prizes	of	10
10,000		$310,000

Or Money Will be Refunded.

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1 Cash Prize	of	$100,000
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1 Cash Prize	of	25,000
1 Cash Prize	of	10,000
1 Cash Prize	of	5,000
10 Cash Prizes	of	1,000
100 Cash Prizes	of	500
200 Cash Prizes	of	250
9,676 Cash Prizes	of	10
10,000		$310,000

WHOLE TICKETS $10. HALVES $5. TENTHS $1.

11 Tickets for $100. 23 Tickets for $200.

Remittances can be made by Mail, Express, or Draft on New York. Address

W. H. HARRIS & CO., Gen'l Managers,
No. 307 Broadway, New York.

Or THOS. H. HAYES & CO., Managers,
No. 307 Broadway, New York.

Remember Aug 30th. No Blanks.

NEW RESORT.

SEA GROVE,

CAPE MAY POINT.

Now Jersey.

Two Years Old, and Over 100 Cottages and Stores Completed.

Three Fine Hotels Now Open. Others Building. Signal Station. Life-saving Station. Pavilion. Water Works. Gas Works. Sewerage. Bathing Houses. Fine Drives. Fine Bathing Beach. Fine Fishing. Fine Sail Boats. Fine Oyster Bottle. Horse Railway to Cape May. Mail Facilities Unsurpassed. Rates Reasonable.

BEAUTIFUL OCEAN VIEW, UNEXCEL

[illegible poem]

The Moral of an Old Arabian Tale.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

When I was a child, I was wont to take a [illegible] philosophical delight in an old legend, the offspring of some ancient Arabian story-teller's brain. It was a most ingenious narration of the adventures of a Chinese lad named Ala Deen, who, living in a condition of squalid poverty with his widowed mother, by a course of circumstances through the influence of his uncle, a puissant magician, was made the possessor of a certain Wonderful Lamp, a most useful and at the same time most strangely behaved of lamps; for, according to the story, mere friction sufficed to bring its possessor all the treasures of earth. It was only necessary to rub the lamp, utter a wish, and it was fulfilled. [illegible]

[illegible]

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

B.

[CONTINUED.]

BARNBURNERS.

The Radical or "Buck-tail" portion of the Democracy who first sustained General Jackson in his opposition to the banks, VanBuren in his advocacy of the Sub-Treasury, opposition to the annexation of Texas, and who advocated the Constitution of 1846, bore this epithet. It is said to have been adopted from the contest between Samuel Young and Daniel S. Dickinson in the Senate in 1843. The latter, referring to the determination of the former to procure the removal of the Hunkers from office, compared him to the farmer who burned his barn to destroy the rats, not remembering till it was too late, that a year's crop of wheat was also perishing. "We will burn the barn," cried Col. Young, whose friends were henceforth denominated Barnburners.

BARD, ORIGIN OF THE WORD.

"This word is derived from Bards, the most ancient order of persons among the old Britons. They were before the Druids, though afterwards eclipsed by them in power of authority and reputation. There is no doubt, however, but the word is a corruption of sounds, probably from Bardire, which means the sending forth the cry of the stag. Bards were so called, because they imitated the noise or bellowing of a stag.

BASKETS.

The ancient Britons were noted for their ingenuity [illegible]

[illegible]

OUR FASHION CHAT.

With the golden sunshine of summer and the blossoming of field and garden, Fashion delights in all the variety of light, cool and delicate gossamer materials for her novelties and garments. This is the season to display the most pretty lawns, the fine transparent organdies, or the embroidered gauze, and while summer costumes affect a certain degree of simplicity, they are made with quite an elaborate effect and style. The tendency just now is to make the trimming the most prominent feature. Linen costumes are embroidered or else freely trimmed with embroidery, and often blended with lace. An effective novelty for silk costumes is silk braid embroidered in two shades; there are also open work steel braids with fringe to match.

Deep net-work-headed silk fringes, covered with small tassels, are increasing in favor for trimming scarf drapery, fichus and other garnitures. Among other popular trimmings for a polonaise, are embroidery, and moresque lace or fringe, with graceful bows of ribbon to match the skirt with which it is worn. Percales and fine batistes of two shades of one color, make charming morning dresses; also plain white grenadine with plisses of the same.

Plisses, bouillonnes, lace or muslin insertions form effective trimmings for summer dresses. China crepe in white or light colors, makes an effective tunic over colored silk skirts for more dressy occasions, and may be trimmed with a thick ruche of silk or a rich silk fringe.

One of the latest and most distingue novelties of the season is the new cambric or lawn, in fancy open work patterns, to make tunics to be worn with long trained silk skirts trimmed with ruches, plisses or quillings.

These cambrics are also made in some exquisite designs of embroidery in two shades, and are considered the "Ne Plus Ultra" of elegance for seaside costumes.

A dress of palest green cambric was embroidered in several shades of bluish green, and worn over a lilac silk trimmed with ruches.

Lace is again considered the most charming of trimmings, and while all silk manties are trimmed with borders, ruchings and trimmings of the French or chantilly lace. A new kind of very fine and effective black woollen guipure is used for trimming the [illegible]

[illegible] acanthus leaves in brown and gold chenille. This raised and beautifully shaded embroidery is extremely effective. A scarf of bengaline is crossed in front and tied at the back, the lower edge ornamented with a rich fringe in all the shades of the embroidery. The sleeves are half-long, ornamented with the embroidery and clouds of tulle.

The dress for the bridal ceremony is also in the Princess style, of very handsome white faille, laced at the back, and spreading out in a long train, trimmed with pinked out faille plisses, and plisses of crepe lisse, producing a soft mossy effect. Over the skirt is draped a scarf in three deep pleats, fastened on one side, nearly at the lower edge; on the reverse side it is fastened within a few inches of the waist. All that part of the skirt that remains uncovered is trimmed with point lace flounces. A chaplet of orange blossoms edges the upper part of the scarf and falls in a fringe of flowers, while a cluster of the same fastens the scarf on the lowest side. The high bodice is very slightly opened en cœur, with tulle flutings, it is edged with a chaplet of orange blossoms falling to the waist; tight sleeves, very narrow and open at the wrist, with point lace border, flutings of crepe lisse and sprays of orange blossoms completed this exquisite wedding dress. I would suggest to those wishing to adopt it as a model, that crepe lisse plisses could be used to cover the space trimmed with the point lace, as there are many who cannot indulge in such costly trimming, and the crepe lisse would produce a charming effect.

For dinner and garden parties and evening entertainments in summer, some of the most effective and suitable toilettes I have seen, are composed of white French muslin, plain or embroidered, and trimmed with the colored Torchon lace, and bows made with long loops and ends of ribbon matching in color the lace.

Silver and gold spangles are as popular as ever, and are ornamented with innumerable pendants. Many of them reproducing in their design antique symbols, with inscriptions on the sides. They are worn in such profusion on the arm, that now a loud tintinnabulation in the air, announces the approach of a modern belle.

Information and samples sent on receipt of stamp, and purchases carefully made and patterns sent on receipt of requisite amount, by

FASHION EDITRESS,
Saturday Evening Post.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CEMENT FOR MEERSCHAUM.—A cement for meerschaum can be made of quicklime mixed to a thick cream with the white of an egg. This cement will also unite glass or china.

WATER-BOTTLES AND EWERS.—Water-bottles, ewers, &c., should occasionally be filled with a dilute solution of permanganate of potassium, allowed to stand for an hour, and then washed out and used.

UNDER GARMENTS IN SUMMER.—In summer the under garments, which become loaded with perspiration during the day, should be hung up in a dry airy place at night. Changes of linen should be more frequent.

A GOOD ANTISEPTIC.—Potassic xanthate is said to possess antiseptic power of the first order—a small quantity being sufficient to prevent fermentation in organic bodies. For instance the juice of grapes and other fruits can be preserved unchanged even when exposed to the air. The salt is cheap and innocuous.

TO DISCOVER GRAPE SUGAR IN WINE.—In commercial grape sugar there is a substance which turns the plane of polarization to the right. Pure wine always turn the plane to the left, owing to the presence of dextrose and levulose, the action of the latter being always the stronger. If a wine is found to be dextro-rotary, it has, asserts the Engineer, pretty certainly been treated with commercial grape-sugar.

BEE-EATING TOADS.—The fact that toads do eat bees would seem to be proved—in spite of the numerous assertions to the contrary—by the recent observations of M. Brunet in France. He saw a single toad in his garden devour twelve honey-bees in rapid succession. The bees were voraciously snapped up off the blades of grass on which they had alighted. Upon being removed from the spot which the bees frequented the toad repeatedly returned to it and recommenced his attack upon the insects.

FINE POLISH FOR STOVES.—We hope the following receipt for imparting to stoves a fine black polish, which will neither burn off nor give out an offensive smell, will prove acceptable to some of our readers: Lamp-black is mixed with water-glass (a solution of silicate of soda) to the consistency of syrup and applied with a brush as a thin and even coating, then left twenty-four hours to dry. Afterwards graphite, or black lead mixed with gum water, is applied, and a polish obtained by rubbing in the usual manner.

NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING FLOWERS.—A new method of preserving flowers, successfully adopted by Dr. Melrgues, is reported in the Gardener's Magazine. Each flower, held by the extremity of the stalk, is plunged into a vessel of paraffin, quickly withdrawn, and twirled rapidly between the finger and thumb so as to shake off the superfluous oil. Bouquets of flowers thus treated have been kept upwards of a twelvemonth without losing their shape or colors. Whether the smell of paraffin be equally persistent, the doctor has forgotten to inform us.

TO PRESERVE FRUIT FOR YEARS.—Take wide-mouth [illegible]

[illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE.

E. P. R. L. H. G., (Raleigh, N. C.)—We are unable to give you the information you ask.

A. J. L. (Charleston, S. C.)—Three feet eleven inches is short for a young lady of eighteen.

A READER (Germantown)—We do not know who is the agent for the sewing machines you inquire about.

J. T. (Beverly, N. Y.)—Jude, vide, tace, is a Masonic motto, and may be translated, "Hear, see and be silent."

QUESTIONER, (Worcester, Mass.)—Consult a lawyer. Your question cannot be answered except by such a person.

LOUISA MAUD, (Norristown, Pa.)—The salary would entirely depend on the qualification of the person engaged.

W. W. (Worcester, Mass.)—You can purchase a baby's robe, ready stamped for embroidery at any fancy-work repository.

MYRA HILDEBRECHT, (Lexington, Ky.)—Wash the ivory in warm soap and water, and place it under a glass in the full rays of the sun.

G. E. DODGE, (Glencoe, Neb.)—We think you can procure "Chambers' Encyclopædia," for the price you name, from Messrs J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city.

EDEN AUBREY, (Clayton, Del.)—(1) Under the circumstances, we should consider it more prudent not to exchange photographs at all. (2) Only her engaged ring.

F. J. H., (Chester, Pa.)—The compositions of amateurs are rarely worth remuneration. It would not be possible for us to estimate the worth of anything we have not seen.

IGNORANCE, (Newark, Md.)—An engaged ring is usually set with precious stones, pearls and diamonds being the most fashionable. (2) A keeper is usually of chased gold

ISABEL, (Carlisle, Pa.)—If you have a good, healthy complexion be thankful, and use no means to make your face pale, as you could not do so without injuring the constitution.

NELLY (Camden, N. J.)—(1) We have not space to answer questions of this kind. (2) A cigar-case, slippers, braces, or smoking-cap worked by [illegible]

[illegible]